Saturday Night

February 27, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Whenever international conferences take place, we can be sure that at least one of the delegates will claim that another is trying to "cloud the issue". It is not surprising, of course, because traditionally such conferences are held only when the international weather is cloudy, when there's a bit of chill in the air, the humidity high and the barometer unsteady. Still, it would be a good idea if the delegates were a little more careful with their meteorological references. The clouds that lurk about the meetings of ministers and heads of state these days are shaped like huge, poisonous mushrooms, much too menacing to be embedded in a cliché.

A Matter of Choice

One of the distinguishing marks of our time is the urge to make people swallow what's good for them, whether they like it or not. It springs, perhaps, from a yearning for simplification in times that are bewilderingly complicated—a desire to straighten things out by compulsion because persuasion is too slow and too puzzling. The result is a curious paradox: an increasing abuse of personal choice and privacy in a civil-

Donald McKague

SENATOR ARTHUR ROEBUCK: What reforms? *(Page 7)*

A General Motors Value

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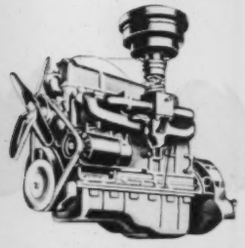

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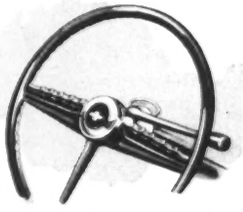

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New Comfortmaster cab offers greater comfort and safety. New one-piece curved windshield gives increased visibility. New, easy-to-read instrument panel. New Ride Control Seat* offers true comfort for truck drivers.

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Chevrolet trucks for '54 offer new and even greater dependability. You'll find heavier axle shafts in 2-ton models . . . bigger, more durable clutches in light- and heavy-duty models . . . more rigid frames in all models.

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New pickup bodies have deeper sides . . . are grain and sand tight for greater convenience. And they're built stronger to stand up longer—and set lower to the ground to make loading and unloading easier than ever.

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SEE THE *NEW* 1954 CHEVROLET TRUCKS AT YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S

The Front Page

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ization professedly dedicated to the liberation of the individual.

At the moment, for example, there is a determined effort being made across Canada to get municipalities to add certain chemicals to their municipal water supplies — fluoridation is the gagging name given to the process — because water so treated apparently helps to prevent the decay of teeth. There is a warm argument about it, with many dentists strongly in favor of the treatment and many doctors opposed to it because they want to know more about its effect on the whole body, not just the teeth. But the debate has been largely about the possible physical benefits, and little has been said about the principle of doping the drinking water of hundreds of thousands of people simply because it's supposed to be good for them.

We think it is important that the principle be thoroughly understood. If we placidly accept tampering with our drinking water now because someone thinks it's going to improve our teeth, we should also be prepared to accept more additions "at the source" in the future—something to improve our livers, perhaps, or our hang-nails, and ultimately, our tempers, to make us less rebellious about what other people would do to our bodies and our minds.

Orders in the Orient

A FRIEND writing from Tokyo reports that the Canadian Embassy there has never been so busy, but that Ambassador Robert Mayhew has his staff working with a free and easy efficiency that makes an agreeable mixture with diplomacy. The busiest section of the Embassy, he says, is the Trade and Commerce Department, which generally has its hands full with the problems of visiting Canadian businessmen, two of whom recently placed orders for $12,000 worth of Rosary beads (made by Buddhists) and for a few cords of totem poles for sale in Vancouver and points east.

Sportsman's Show

ALERT TO the opening of the Canadian National Sportsman's Show at Toronto's Exhibition Grounds a couple of weeks from now, we went around to the office of Frank H. Kortright, who, besides being General Manager of the A. R. Clarke Leather Company, has been president since 1946 of the Toronto Anglers' and Hunters' Association, which sponsors the Show, and president of the Show itself.

"It isn't by chance that we are opening the Show on March 12 this year," he said. "Last year we opened on the 13th—a Friday, too. One act, on the way to the Show by car, got into an accident and four of the performers were in hospital when we opened. The lion tamer, who had one of the feature acts, had his arm chewed off by a lion the day before the opening. On opening day, a man in one of the main attractions did his act and then died, right there. Friday the 13th! But we still ended up with a profit of $72,000. All the profits go into conservation work. It was when we needed funds for our conservation activities that we thought of a Sportsman's Show. We decided to try it in 1948. I called five of my friends and we put up $60,000 to absorb any losses that might occur. In spite of many difficulties—there was an embargo on the importation of sports goods from the United States at that time, for example—we finished up with a net profit of $13,000.

"This year the Show will be bigger and better than ever. It will occupy more than 400,000 square feet of floor space, and we expect an attendance of over 250,000. The New York show takes up about 60,000 square feet. And we've got all sorts of new attractions. It's the biggest thing of its kind in North America."

Recalling that Mr. Kortright's book, *The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America,* is used as a text in North America's universities and colleges and that many important awards have been made to him for his contributions to the conservation of land and wild life, we asked him what had first aroused his interest in the subject. "I'm not sure," he said, "except that I've always loved the outdoors. My father was with the British Secret Service and my boyhood was spent in many parts of the world. It started then, I suppose. Then we came to Ontario when I was 14, and I fell in love with the Canadian countryside—and with its history. I married Yvonne Galt, a descendant of the Galt family that played such a prominent part in the early development of Ontario and of Canada. Our children, Honor, Hugh and Valerie, are all married and live in Toronto."

At that point we started admiring the paintings of birds (by Louis Agassiz Fuertes) adorning the walls of his office. We counted them, and there were 13. It seemed the right moment to wish him luck with this year's Show and depart, which we did.

Ashley & Crippen

FRANK H. KORTRIGHT: A love of the outdoors.

God's Chosen

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY of Bermuda is studying a report by one of its committees that suggests the colony would ruin its thriving tourist trade by rushing to pass laws against racial discrimination. The committee members decided, "We must be careful to keep our reforms in line with the generally accepted conditions of countries from which we get the majority of our visitors". That statement is close enough to the truth to be painful. A great many Canadians go to Bermuda for holidays, and most of them carry their prejudices with them; they can buy, with their tourist dollars, a pampering of those prejudices; for a while, and at a price, they can make themselves out to be God's chosen—a condition they would like to have in Canada, and all too often does exist here.

Scholarship Test

THE QUIZ and the quiz-master, carried like a virus by radio and television deep into the bloodstream of domestic life, now appear ready to break out in the body politic. First sign of this comes from Cooksville, Ontario, where the Reeve, Anthony Adamson, was challenged by a spectator at a township meeting the other night to name the seven wonders of the ancient world — "to show whether the Reeve is a scholar". Mr. Adamson had reeled off five of the Wonders when he was halted by his questioner's stern announcement, "Time's up—you could not answer them all".

If this sort of thing catches on (and considering the craze for public questionings, there's no reason why it shouldn't), governing bodies will have to set aside an hour or so at the beginning of their meetings to enable their constituents to carry out scholarship tests. It will do nothing to improve government, of course, but it should do a great deal to improve the audience-appeal of the meetings. Possibly rewards could be arranged for the officials able to answer a given number of questions—something like blocks of votes in the next election, with a bushel of spoiled ballots as a consolation prize.

Sour Fruit

THE FINE BLOOM has now rubbed off the plum of Russian trade, revealing a pretty tough skin around a sour fruit. British businessmen reported from Moscow, for example, that the Russians would buy, but only at prices that prevailed four years ago; some trade missions from Sweden and Finland apparently were prepared to cut their bids to suit the Soviet pattern. Only low-cost producers, it seems, have much chance to do business in Moscow; there may be jack in the Red trade, but not very much.

A House for Canada

WE HAVE HEARD many a young Canadian architect complain that mass production of suburbs in postwar Canada has burdened the country for years to come with thousands of acres of brick boxes and other architectural monstrosities. Outside the Habitant cottage and the Eskimo igloo, it was said, Canada had been unable to produce any architecture distinctive to the country; house-designs were drawn from all parts of the world—from Cape Cod, Elizabethan England, the Swiss Alps, Normandy, Spanish California and a dozen other places—and the buildings plunked down on a Canadian lot without any regard for local topography, way of life or anything else.

When McGill University's School of Architecture decided to sponsor a Calvert House competition for "interesting and practical designs for a Canadian house of tomorrow", with substantial cash prizes for the winners, we thought the unhappy architects would jump at the chance to right a horrible wrong and possibly get paid for it. But we learnt the other day that there has been a much greater response to the competition in Britain and Western Europe than in Canada; at the time of writing, there were well over 200 entries from abroad and only 50 or so from Canadians. Possibly the domestic designers are too busy with skyscrapers and factories, but we doubt it.

When details of the competition were made known a couple of months ago, there was an immediate response from Europe; one Canadian embassy, deluged by requests for details, sent back a hurried appeal for help. The prizes alone, without the challenge of

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the contest itself, warrant this interest —$5,000 for the best design, and $2,500 each for the best Canadian and best European designs, exclusive of the over-all winner, the prize money being put up by Samuel Bronfman, president of Calvert Distillers Limited. The conditions of the competition have been approved by the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada and other professional bodies, and an international jury has been appointed—Prof. Eric Arthur of the University of Toronto, Humphrey Carver, of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, and Gio Ponti, architect and editor, of Milan.

For Canadians, the purpose of the contest alone would seem enough to start a flood of ideas. As Prof. John Bland, director of McGill's School of Architecture, explained it: "We are expecting from this competition something new and exciting. We are not looking simply for architectural drawings. We are seeking color and design, original ideas and contributions to our way of living that will lift our Canadian builders out of the dullness or imitativeness that so many people seem to think denotes Canadianism."

Ground Swell

IT SEEMS the earth has tides, just as the ocean has, and for the same reason—the pull of sun and moon on the quivering crust of the planet. We have this on the authority of Dr. G. D. Garland, geophysicist at the Dominion Observatory, who told the Ottawa chapter of the Royal Astronomical Society the other night that every day the ground we walk on rises and falls about a foot, a distance estimated by measuring minute variations in a plumb line. This is an interesting fact, but what we're looking forward to is an explanation of the speed with which the earth-tides ebb or flow precisely at the moment we're stepping off a bus.

More Control

AS THIS hockey season moves towards its climax, it becomes dismally obvious that something must be done to get the game back under the control of competent officials. From the National Hockey League down, there is an increasing tendency for games to get out of hand, for disgraceful exhibitions of vindictive and brutal play to be mildly penalized or even winked at.

It is true that hockey is probably the most difficult of games to referee, and its speed and ruggedness cannot help but fray the tempers of players. But it seems to us that a style of play is now being encouraged that is deliberately designed to produce mauling and fighting on the ice. This is more apparent in the junior leagues than anywhere else, and since the clubs in these leagues have become nothing more than subsidized nurseries for the professional teams, it is fair to suggest that the juniors are following the instructions of the people who pay the bills. The job of the referee, therefore, is made doubly difficult, and it becomes well-nigh impossible when the coaches and managers of the clubs show open contempt (as they have far too often this season) for the officials on the ice.

This sorry state of affairs may be the result of a mistaken notion by club owners that paying customers these days are interested only in blood sports and want their displays of skill spiced with savagery. If the owners have such an idea, they are pitifully deluded. In the United States, spectators have been turning from hockey to such a fast, clean sport as basketball, and it would not be surprising if the same thing happens in Canada unless the prestige and authority of the judges of play are restored.

Shattered Silence

WHAT HAS been happening in the world of cricket during the past few years gives weight to the theory that public morality has been slipping rather badly of late. Only last summer there were a couple of nasty incidents during the Test matches in England, when partisan crowds actually forgot themselves and their surroundings long enough to break into cheers at some particularly resourceful bit of ritual by a batsman or a bowler. Then just a week or so ago, a crowd at Bridgetown, Barbados, roundly jeered the stolid tactics of the English team playing its second Test against the West Indies. We can recall the time, and not so long ago, when one would as soon have danced a jig in church or sung a ribald song at a funeral as make any sort of loud noise at a cricket match. Is nothing sacred?

Flying Figures

WE ARE always interested when somebody gets around to advocating as a "new" technique in education some practice that good teachers know instinctively and have used successfully all their working days. The latest of these is Chet Moulton, Idaho's State Director of Aeronautics, who told the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association at a meeting in Ottawa recently about a teacher who combined "a youngster's inner excitement in aviation" with arithmetic by dangling from the ceiling model airplanes with an addition fact on one side and a subtraction fact on the other.

Way back at the beginning of the air-age we can remember learning our addition facts just that way. In fact, the ingenuity of our teacher in thinking up such devices was only exceeded by the patience with which she taught us to read. "Aviation," says Mr. Moult, "is the motivation for other subjects, for algebra, physics and social studies . . . and we promote air-mindedness at the same time." We have no wish either to dispute his basic premise or to imply a criticism of our Grade One teacher whom we remember with affection, but we do wonder if the reason we've always found the extensions of nine escaping us every time we're faced with a column of addition is due to the fact that when we were first introduced to these numbers they were in full flight on the fuselage of a model plane.

Back to the Roots

TO THIS BEING International Theatre Month, the New Play Society decided to celebrate it in Toronto by producing Molière's *The Miser*, which is playing this week, with Norman Roland in the leading role. When we visited Mr. Roland during rehearsals, we asked him about his decision to stay here for *The Miser* instead of accepting an invitation to return to New York for a part in *The Beggar's Opera*.

"I was born in Toronto," he said. "My parents were born in the Mari-

Ashley & Crippen
NORMAN ROLAND

times. I have my roots in this country. I got a good start here and the more I travel in other countries the better I like ours. I'd like to be able to stay in Canada and work in professional theatre, to direct as well as act. I'd like to see an International Theatre in Canada, too—something like New York's City Centre Theatre, for instance, that would take care of ballet, opera, drama and so on and provide an opportunity for an exchange of ideas, plays and companies.

"When did I start acting? I gave my first performance when I was about two, and created quite a stir. It seems I slipped out of the house, just after my mother had prepared me for a bath, and paraded around Rosedale wearing a sofa cushion as a headdress and nothing else. I understand I had a very appreciative audience. Later on I played in school theatricals and at Hart House, studied music at the Royal Conservatory, then went on to New York and California for more study. I had several seasons in grand opera, roles in more than 60 musical comedies and operettas, and in various plays.

"Last summer, of course, I played Earl Rivers in *Richard III* at Stratford, and had the same role later in New York with José Ferrer doing Richard. Then I came back here for *The Play's the Thing*. After that, *The Miser* came along, and I was happy to stay."

Mr. Lincoln's Copy

A TRANSCRIPT of an imaginary conversation came our way a few days ago and we hasten to pass it along, if only for the enjoyment of those who have seen the work of their hands and brains cruelly mistreated by copy-readers, editors and the like. The author, whose name we do not know, imagined Abraham Lincoln appearing before a copy committee with a typescript of his Gettysburg Address. The conversation goes like this:

Lincoln: Four score and seven years ago—

Chairman of the committee: Change that to "eighty-seven".

—Our fathers brought forth—

Chairman: Better say "founded".

—on this continent a new nation—

Chairman: Let's get the name "United States" in there in big letters.

—conceived in liberty—

Chairman: Something improper about the word conceived. Better say "with the idea of freedom".

—and dedicated to the proposition that all men—

Chairman: "and women". There's a lot of women in this country.

—are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war—

Chairman: Make that the first paragraph; you are taking too long to get into the story.

—testing whether that nation or any other nation so dedicated and so conceived—

Chairman: There's that word again. Cut it out.

—can long endure.—

Chairman: Endure what? Make it "last".

—We are met—

Chairman: Bad English. Say "have met".

—on a great battlefield of that war.—

Chairman: Put in the name.

—We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place—

Chairman: Why beat about the bush? Say "cemetery".

—for those who gave their lives that the nation might live—

Chairman: Sorry, Mr. Lincoln, but this simply won't do. You don't seem to be able to get your ideas across in plain, forceful language. Take it and think it over and see if you can't give us some good, hard-hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder copy.

The Fear of Dumping

MANY CANADIANS are getting ready to yell bloody murder in the event that the United States tries to get rid of its $4,000 million food surplus by dumping it in foreign countries at cut rates, but they have been strangely quiet about Canada doing precisely the same thing to get rid of an embarrassingly large amount of beef and pork, bought by the Federal Government to prevent a collapse of the domestic market. The meat was purchased at support prices and sold at a loss that will probably total about $52 million—not much of a dump, by U.S. standards, but costly enough for us.

The Life of the Habitant in Bronze

People of the Spinning Wheel and the Hoe

BRONZE PORTRAIT OF MARIA CHAPDELAINE

The famed Canadian artist, Marc Aurèle de Foy Suzor-Coté (1869-1937) was inspired to create a series of figures from the novel "Maria Chapdelaine". Like its author, Louis Hemon, Suzor-Coté interpreted the habitant of Quebec. His bronzes are among the finest ever done in Canada.

THE OLD FRENCH CANADIAN PIONEER WAS ONE OF COTE'S MOST POPULAR WORKS

This bronze was one of a pair modelled by Coté in 1912. Impressions of it are included in many of the nation's leading public and private collections. Coté's affection for French Canadian folk arose from his ancestry. His father was a notary in Arthabaska, Quebec, where the artist was born. There, in the valley of the Nicolet, south of the St. Lawrence, Suzor-Coté first sketched on the sides of whitewashed barns and helped local church decorators. When 21, he went to Paris to study music but soon switched to art. He was made an Officer of the French Academy in 1901.

"THE WOODCUTTER" FROM THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO COLLECTION

Coté returned to Canada in 1908 and devoted the remainder of his life to portraying his native province. In later life, he painted a portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who practised law in Arthabaska as a young man.

"INDIAN WOMEN OF CAUGHNAWAGA" WAS MODELLED BY COTE IN 1924

This is probably Coté's masterwork in bronze. It has a majesty and sweep of movement rare in any sculpture. Most Canadian galleries own a copy. It depicts Iroquois of Quebec, and was the sculptor's own favorite work.

Photographs courtesy the Art Gallery of Toronto.

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Tinkering With Senate Of Doubtful Value

By A. W. ROEBUCK

THERE HAS NEVER been a time since its constitution at Confederation in 1867 that someone has not been shooting at the Upper House of Parliament, and, while it has never been hit, neither has it ever struck back.

It must be some bird, this ancient and venerable Senate, to have withstood unscathed and unperturbed such constant attack year by year since its very birth, and it might be well before commencing an assault to assess rather carefully just what it is we are challenging.

Why was a Senate created in the first place? When our parliamentary institutions were originally designed, Canada was given a decidedly limited domestic autonomy and her foreign affairs remained the responsibility of the Queen's Ministers in London. Was not the elected Chamber, aided as it then was by the Governor-General, sufficient in those days to provide a semi-Colonial government for our then diminutive population? One might think so, but history gives the answer.

Sir John A. Macdonald, who was the first Prime Minister of Canada, and who played a lead in the drama of Confederation, described the Upper Chamber as having a "sober second thought in legislation". Looking back, we may fancy that they could have got along with a not-so-sober first thought only, but the fact is that some, if not all, of the Provinces would not have confederated without it.

Elective Chambers such as the House of Commons must, of course, be constituted on a basis of population. Thus the three Maritime Provinces, with their desire at that time for railway service and their other special economic requirements and ambitions, could very readily be outvoted by the two other Provinces they designated as "Canada". Quebec was concerned for the safety of its religious and other freedoms and was certainly not submitting such vital rights to the arbitrament of a mere count of noses. The pioneers of Ontario, to whom the Protestant religion and the common law were the breath of life, had less cause for anxiety but they, too, were taking no chances on surrender to the dominance of mere numbers.

All three great divisions of the Canada of 1867 demanded equality of representation irrespective of present differences in population or of future changes.

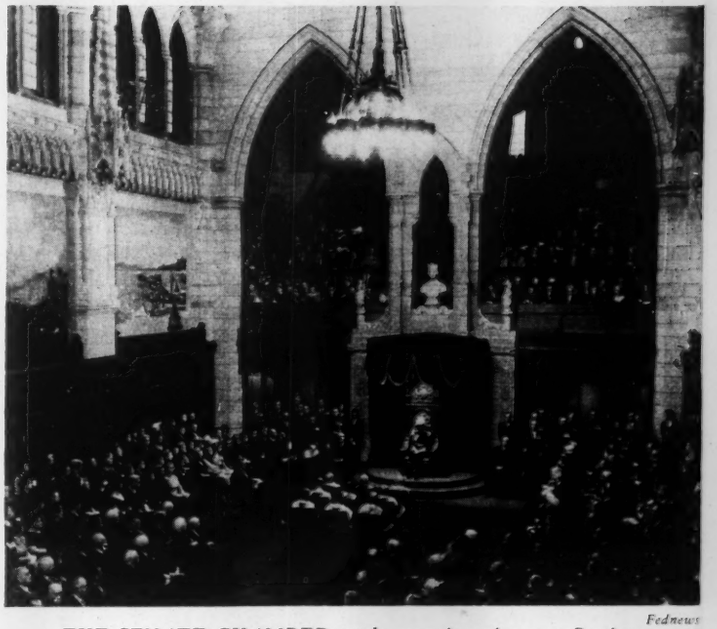
The Fathers of Confederation met this dilemma very neatly by the constitution of an Upper Chamber composed of an even number of twenty-four members from each of these three divisions, and charging it with the responsibility of reconsidering legislation proposed by the House of Commons, revising, amending, moderating, delaying or rejecting as might be necessary, and particularly with the protection of local or particular rights and interests and the blocking of sectional jealousies.

When the four Western Provinces joined Confederation they were also given the established twenty-four Senate representatives, and recently when Newfoundland came in, she was given six representatives, making the 102 seats which now compose the Senate of Canada.

How well the Canadian Senate has performed its unifying function may be judged by the results. The English and French portions of our population have little to complain of, as against each other, and great sectional interests have been carefully respected. No nation composed of diverse origins, traditions, tongues and interests could be more nationally united than is Canada. It is enough to say that some credit for these results is due to the Senate, for it has been truly said that the value of the Senate is not only in what it does but also in what it prevents being done, and, I may add, in not only the legislation which it moderates or rejects but also in legislative projects which its very presence prohibits.

The fact that the Senate enabled Canada to coalesce in the first place and has been a factor in keeping her together during the years of stress that have followed, puts abolition out of the question, but there are changes proposed which we might consider, and remember we started out to "reform" the Senate, not to abolish it.

I HAVE often questioned the method of appointing members of the Red Chamber. Senators are not elected as are Members of the House of Commons; they are nominated by the Government and summoned to the Senate by Order of the Governor-in-Council. Is it sound democracy? Is it good liberal principle to appoint men to make laws? Well, much of our law is Judge-made and we appoint Judges, and we have no intention of electing them. The Civil Service plays a major part in law-making. Our Statutes are drawn by Civil Servants, and in most instances proposed by Civil Servants, none of whom is elected. It is obviously out of the question to elect everyone who by his official position takes part in law-making, and to the democrat and the liberal the answer is found in the fact that the government which appoints these useful officials is itself elected, and is responsible to the electorate for the acts of its appointees.



Fednews

THE SENATE CHAMBER at the opening of a new Session.

The function of the Senator is judicial in character. In revising legislation he must strive to hold the balance true between man and man, class and class, community and community, without particular regard to preponderance in voting power.

Were we to make the Senate elective, we would destroy its present judicial attitude. It would become, as the United States Senate has become, a second House of Assembly or House of Commons, and would soon usurp the functions of the Commons. There is nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, in dividing the elected representatives of the people into two Chambers.

It has also been suggested that we transfer the power of appointment in whole or in part from the government of the day to some other authority such as, for instance, the Provincial Legislatures, and there is reason to suppose that the provincial premiers would readily accept that onerous responsibility. What a juicy piece of provincial patronage for the Party faithful that would be! Originally the State governments in the United States appointed the federal Senators and the log-rolling and corruption that attended the scramble for senatorships was such that our neighbors amended their Constitution to get rid of the scandal. So far, the Senators of Canada have been genuinely national in outlook, and would it not be retrograde indeed to transfer their allegiance to individual provinces? Provincial party politics have no place on the floor of the national Senate.

Senators are appointed for life, and it has been suggested that they be subject to re-appointment every five years.

In my opinion the strength of the Senate lies in the independence of its members. In our modern form of cabinet government, the Prime Minister and his Ministerial colleagues have absorbed, first, the powers of the Crown and, second, many of the former functions of Parliament. Parliament is still boss whenever it assumes that role, but ordinarily, and in the course of the multifarious details of government, the House of Commons is the pliant creature of the Cabinet. So too the Cabinet is the boss of the Civil Service, but more and more as the detail and complexity of government grows and multiplies, the Cabinet becomes an instrument of the Civil Service.

But not so the Senate. The members of the Upper Chamber are not dependent on either the Government or the Civil Service. Senators are not seeking promotion or anything else. They have nothing to hope for and nothing to fear. They are as secure in their positions as Judges on the Bench.

Were appointments to the Senate for any period short of life, Senators would necessarily have regard to their position after retirement, and the Senate's present independence would be lost or at least impaired. Were Senators required to seek re-appointment every five years they would be reduced to mere puppets of the Administration of the day, differing but slightly from the civil servant with a five-year contract which he hopes will be renewed.

I heard the periodical re-appointment idea defended once on the plea that it would bring to the Chamber fresh currents of public opinion. There were 96 seats in the Senate when I entered it in 1945. Now I stand 48th in order of seniority. In nine years, fifty per cent of those who preceded me have passed the torch to younger hands and gone to their reward. When one views the heavy mortality of the Senate, one may well ask what good purpose would be served by a more rapid turnover. The fresh current is well nigh a gale. The

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It has been suggested that Senators retire at the age of 75 years, but there again you present every member with the problem of life after retirement. That problem may be occupational only in some instances, but in any event it is disturbing and is not conducive to security and independence. And what good would it do? The Senate is a house of elder statesmen in which knowledge, experience and wisdom are the important attributes, not driving ambition or quantity production. Many examples of outstanding members who have passed that retirement age could be cited. Contributions of great merit would be lost to the House and country under such a regulation. Security of tenure is more important than youthful vigor.

Some people feel it is a serious weakness that the political parties in the present Senate are so unequally balanced. There are only seven Conservatives left in a House of 102 members and there are no CCF or Social Credit members. This is not as I would like it, but the weakness can be overstated. In a recent debate in the Senate, the Government Leader remarked that his difficulties had come almost entirely from members of his own Party. No better tribute could have been paid to the independence of the Liberal membership. I am only one of those who have attacked "horse, foot and artillery" when I thought the principles of democracy were threatened. Debate in the Senate is very different from debate in the Commons. In the latter House, if a government measure is defeated, the government is constitutionally called upon to resign, and a general election may ensue. Not so in the Senate. The effort to alter or prevent the enactment of particular legislation is untrammelled by any such ulterior considerations.

This is as it should be, but even so, I would like to see representation of the political parties more evenly divided. No change in Constitution or Reform of the Senate is required in this connection. Appointments to the Senate are made by the government of the day, usually on the nomination of the Prime Minister, and the Administration is free to consider this as well as other factors involved.

This brings me to my concluding observation: The Senate is as good as are the men and women in it.

The purpose of the institution is excellent. It is to give a sober second thought to legislative proposals by men of exceptional experience chosen for their knowledge and standing in the community and their ability and maturity. In my experience, most Senators have devoted themselves to the studious task of reviewing legislation with industry and a high sense of public responsibility. It is impossible to recount the contributions the Senate has made to the legislative program as it comes and goes, but I can say modestly that it is considerable.

Then, too, there is usually some extra-curricular work in progress. Recently a Committee made enquiry into the circulation of objectionable literature. For two sessions the Senate discussed the noble theme of Civil Rights and Fundamental Freedom, and the possibility of a Bill of Rights and finally it adopted a Committee's Report. The Senate took up the problem of immigration following the war and inquired into Canada's capacity to absorb new citizens and the desirability of filling up the vacant spaces; it undoubtedly brought about major changes in Canada's immigration policy. The Senate has brought about changes in procedure in the Revenue Department in the interests of the taxpayer, and it has even studied objectively its own possible reform, though it has not yet tackled reform of the Commons.

One of the Senate's most important functions is the provision of a forum for the expression of views and the furnishing of information by private citizens. When legislative proposals come before the Senate, the Bills are given their first and second readings, and then referred to an appropriate standing Committee. Civil Servants having knowledge of the matters in hand are called before these Committees and Bills are studied in detail around the table, informally and most effectively. Any citizen who wishes to appear will be heard, and I have frequently observed such witnesses voice their commendation of the courtesy and attention which they received at the hands of the Senators.

The Senate's chief task is done in Committee, where, of course, it attracts a minimum of publicity. This is unimportant, for most informed citizens know of the Senate's work and are satisfied that it should carry on quietly in keeping with the dignity of elder statesmen.

Because of the almost total absence of party bickering and of partisan recrimination, debates in the Senate are very much shorter than in the Commons and lack some of the asperity and tang of the elective assembly. Someone once said that the Senate is a workshop and not a theatre. A Senator replied to a Member of the Commons who commented on the speed with which the Senate had disposed of a Bill. "Yes," he said, "in the Commons you address yourselves to the electors, while in the Senate we address ourselves to the question—a much shorter proceeding."

The machinery of the Senate, and by that I mean its constitution, arrangements, rules and practices, is admirably fitted to the purposes intended to be served. There is not much to be gained, and perhaps much to be lost, by tinkering with its constitution. The real problem is one of personnel.

A place in the Red Chamber is not only an honor; it's also a job. It's an employment, calling for studious industry, devotion to the public welfare, knowledge, thought and wisdom. Give us men and women who revere Canada and who love their fellowmen, who respect the individual and his rights and will follow freedom wherever she may lead. Give us big men, who are idealists and workers who have courage and endurance and the Senate will continue in ample measure its service to mankind.

The Social Scene

Confessions of a Frustrated Psychopath

By Hugh Garner

RECENTLY, as I was making my way by streetcar from the downtown workaday world to my japanned-screen retreat hidden away in a bourgeois *arrondissement*, I opened my newspaper and was startled out of a pensive reverie by seeing my likeness staring at me from page three. When I had recovered sufficiently to read the accompanying text, I learned that this pencil sketch was a Montreal police artist's drawing of a fey character in that metropolis who was nipping around the car stops and other unlikely places slashing at women's legs with a razor blade. The measurements of this Gillette gigolo were given as, height: 5 feet 7, and weight: 180 pounds, which are also my measurements, and he was my double, even to the bottle scars on his Mephistophelian eyebrows. I thanked my stars that I was not living in Montreal, for if I had been I would have dined that evening on a bowl of slum in the local pokey. I drew my head into my Inverness cape and made ready to defend myself with my Malacca against the onslaught of any solid citizen who might also happen to notice the resemblance.

As it turned out, everyone around me treated me as a normal passenger, which only proves a point that that old snoop Sherlock Holmes used to make: "Nearly everyone sees, but they fail to observe". Here I was, the perfect physical prototype of a pathological slasher, and I was being ignored. I set my lips in a secretive smirk and imagined what the male suburbanite standing before me would do if he knew that I was mentally tying knots in the five-foot length of aluminum shelving he was carrying.

For I am well fitted for the anti-social fringe of society, having been born with a criminal physiognomy that would have brought an exclamatory start to the face of Cesare Lombroso himself. When I was much thinner than I am today some of my erstwhile acquaintances used to call me "Weasel", a practice that I brought to a sudden halt by writing poison pen letters to their sweethearts. In my youth I had also toyed with the idea of emulating that criminal genius, the "Brides of the Bath" murderer, but the ladies of my acquaintance were as difficult to steer into a bathtub as they were to steer into a buzz-saw, and nothing came of my ambition.

Even today, with my psychopathic tendencies mellowed with age and timidity, certain members of society arouse in me an atavistic desire to destroy. Among them are teen-age girls who burble, "Oh, you must be psychic!", taxi-drivers who bore me with one-sided discourses on the internal combustion engine, overlarded matrons in revolving doors, and restaurant proprietors who fail to thank me for my patronage.

The only time my destructive compulsions ever got me into a tangle with the law was when I, along with several other moppets, faced a juvenile charge of malicious damage to property. This particular social deviation consisted of boarding a ship in Toronto harbor, breaking all the dishes, and spattering the galley, and ourselves, with a nauseating mixture of flour, lard and fire-extinguisher fluid. And I dare Krafft-Ebing to discover the symbolism in that.

Although most of my psychotic compulsions have been of a zany rather than a vicious character, they have resulted in some queer shenanigans. At one time I was prey to an insane urge to plug the coin-return slots in public telephones, and I spent many happy hours hidden in drug and cigar stores drooling at the sight of customers going slowly mad as they cajoled and threatened telephone operators who were unable to return their coins. Another of my former compulsive capers was the purchasing of precooked Chinese food, and I have awakened into a dark brown dawn on many a morning to find my coat pockets stuffed with containers of pork chow mein, eggs Foo Young, and pickled shrimp.

One of my most successful coups took place while I was laboring under the delusion that I was a reincarnation of Anthony Comstock, for I spent months inking out the suggestive passages in all the fiction from A to S in the Toronto public libraries. I would probably have still been engaged in this monumental task but for the fact that I ran out of ink in Scene 1, Act IV of Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*.

An iconoclastic syndrome in my makeup has brought forth such actions as those prior to the last general election, when I slithered around the city tearing down the photographs of political candidates of all parties. This public service was complicated by the fact that a long-dormant misogynic complex asserted itself, and I widened my field of endeavor to include most of Eastern Canada, where I painted beards on the likenesses of all the women candidates. I'm afraid that in some cases my actions only served to help them get elected.

My deviations from the norm in the unrestricted field of psychopathology have never been carried to the lengths indulged in by such master practitioners as Jack-the-Ripper, Bluebeard Landru, John Haigh, Christie, or the Montreal "Slasher", but I have long cultivated a fetish for lace camisole covers, which I collect and keep in a mahogany *prie-dieu* under the kitchen sink. Due to an immutable law of diminishing supply this compulsion has been relegated to a minor position among my deviations of late.

Biographically, my early childhood showed few signs that I would mature into a monster, and the most significant piece of odd behaviorism I can remember was a strange proclivity for the eating of raw sausage.

My adolescent years were not marked by any deep associations of guilt, and though I was conscious of performing many anti-social acts I just went along with the gang and said, "To hell with it". My juvenile relations with the opposite sex left much to be desired, but they might furnish a key to my adult complexes. They were manifested largely by an outwardly studied disinterest and an inner seething and frustration that returns to me at the sight of a bowl of boiling chile con carne. I haven't the slightest idea what this signifies, but I once clubbed a female companion into a coma with a dill pickle for ordering a bowl of chile in a gypsy tea room.

Most of the free-wheeling psychopathic geniuses have gone to their crazy, mixed-up nirvanas, and it is axiomatic among the brotherhood that there'll never be another Sacher-Masoch or Comte de Sade to enliven the non-fictional scene. Imitators yes, but mere limp shadows of their prototypes. But twisted genius is still with us.

AMONG my confrères are several who conduct their uninhibited practices around our downtown area. One of them has recently been given a discarded railroad caboose which is lying on a Chicago siding waiting for him to make arrangements to bring it to Toronto. At the moment he is gleefully driving Canadian railroad officials insane with correspondence dealing with his unique problem. He claims that he wants to be the third Canadian to own a private railroad car, the first two having been Sir John Eaton and Commander J. K. L. Ross.

Another companion of mine, Gus The Goozle, to give him his sobriquet, was once apprehended by two Hamilton detectives for pushing over parking signs in the Ambitious City. When he demanded that the detectives show their authority for spoiling his fun, one of them flashed his badge. "Ah, a Garter Inspector!" cried Gus, before he was rendered *hors de combat*. A couple of summers ago Gus was observed by about ten thousand people strolling in his bare feet down Toronto's Bay St. at high noon, his expensive shoes dangling from their laces around his neck. As he turned into his favorite pub for a cooling libation someone asked him why he had taken off his shoes and socks. Fixing his questioner with a superior stare, Gus said, "Why not? I'm Huck Finn."

I wish I'd said that.

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Ottawa Letter

Parliament Loses Its Insularity

By John A. Stevenson

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS has been jogging along without recording much headway with its legislative program. A number of committees is at work investigating various problems, but so far restraining hands have been laid upon the operations of the all-important public accounts committee.

All the parties in opposition are apparently convinced that the increase in postal rates is very unpopular with the public and so they staged a tremendous but unsuccessful battle against it. Their liking for the Postmaster-General, the Hon. Alcide Côté, who is a genial fellow, did not deter them from subjecting him to a prolonged and severe baiting, and his obvious discomfort under criticism made him maladroit in his replies and explanations.

One of the most interesting debates of the session occurred when Angus MacInnis (CCF, Vancouver East) moved a resolution urging a substantial increase in Canada's contribution to the organization fund of the United Nations, for technical assistance to backward peoples. Mr. MacInnis, who effectively stated the arguments for his case, secured support from all quarters of the House and the speakers who followed all showed considerable knowledge of the problems involved and talked sound sense. Moreover, three of his Liberal backers, Francis T. Fairey (Victoria), Elmore Philpott (Vancouver South) and A. Wesley Stuart (Charlotte, NB), told how their personal inspections of conditions in Burma, India and North Africa and Greece had convinced them of the need for a larger contribution. Mr. Pearson professed unqualified satisfaction with the debate and was able to assure the House that Canada's contribution was being raised from $850,000 to $1½ million.

Thirty or even twenty years ago, a debate of this character in the House of Commons would have been virtually unthinkable. In those days the Prime Minister, who then kept in his own hands the Secretaryship of External Affairs, and the leader of the Opposition, who hoped to hold it, had perforce to study international problems and their implications for Canada, but very few of their lieutenants had more than a nodding acquaintance with those problems or took any sustained serious interest in them.

The average private member bothered even less about foreign affairs. He knew that a discussion of the subject would not win votes in Canadian elections. He did not understand them and was reluctant to pose as an authority; in fact, the great majority of members would as soon have tried to talk in Parliament about bimetallism or the theory of relativity as about international affairs. There were always, of course, a few praiseworthy exceptions, such as Henri Bourassa and J. S. Woodsworth, who devoted assiduous study to international problems and could speak about them with informed knowledge. But such members were regarded as infernal nuisances both by Mr. King and Lord Bennett and gained no prestige among their constituents by such activities.

In the present Parliament, there are probably 40 or 50 members who can discuss foreign affairs with intelligence and insight. Canada's attainment of full nationhood and her assumption of definite international responsibilities as a member of both NATO and the UN have been educative processes both for the Canadian people and their representatives in Parliament.

Not only have more members of this Parliament travelled abroad, but the fifty-odd foreign diplomatic establishments now existing in Ottawa provide useful agencies for educating our parliamentarians about the conditions and problems of other countries. When members enjoy, as they often do, the generous hospitality which the resident diplomats dispense, they come into contact with people who, having lived in other capitals, have acquired a cosmopolitan outlook and are chock-full of information about their own and other countries.

A good case can be argued for the thesis that, if some efficient machinery for the co-ordination of the defence and other policies of the British Commonwealth had been created forty years ago, Germany would not have ventured to start the First World War (of which the second was merely a continuance) and the British nations would not today be playing second fiddle to the mighty United States in the international arena. But the Canadian Liberal party always set its face resolutely against such a policy and argued that the strains bound to arise from any machinery with a flavor of centralization, would soon disrupt the Commonwealth.

CP

G. R. PEARKES: No nonsense.

Now, however, a speech delivered by Prime Minister St. Laurent while he was at Bonn in Germany, suggests that he is favorably disposed towards the establishment of some permanent machinery for the closer co-ordination of the policies of the nations adhering to NATO.

Another fresh convert to the idea of a closer integration of the policies of the nations belonging to NATO is the influential London *Economist*, which, in an editorial published some weeks ago, advanced powerful arguments for it. It pointed out that, when the representatives of the members of NATO met, their discussions were almost wholly concerned with military problems and equally important economic, financial and social problems only received cursory attention. So it advocated, not the creation of some overriding supranational authority for NATO which would prescribe policies for its members, but some kind of deliberative assembly, which would meet regularly for the discussion of common problems.

The *Economist*, however, expressed forebodings that Canada would be one of the chief objectors to such a plan, but in the light of Mr. St. Laurent's speech, unless it was merely an agreeable gesture, these fears were unjustified. Yet it would be a very strange development if the Liberal party, whose leaders have often pronounced a plan of closer integration unworkable for the nations of the Commonwealth, should decide that it had many advantages, provided the link of association was mainly with foreign nations.

THE SESSIONS of the present Parliament have confirmed the impression that the average competence as parliamentarians of the contingent of members sent to Ottawa by British Columbia is not matched by the representatives of any other province, and the three senior parties all contribute to this honorable precedence.

In the Liberal ranks, the Hon. James Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, is the most promising of the younger members of the Cabinet; J. L. MacDougall and E. T. Applewhaite both made some mark in the last Parliament, and two newcomers, Elmore Philpott and F. T. Fairey, have already shown considerable ability in debates, while James A. Byrne, a trades unionist, speaks sensibly about labor problems. All the three Conservative members from British Columbia, Howard C. Green, General G. R. Pearkes and E. D. Fulton, are now experienced and skilful parliamentarians, who can be relied upon not to talk nonsense and who secure respectful attention to their speeches from the whole House.

Among the CCF members from British Columbia, Angus MacInnis, who is now one of the most widely respected veterans in the Commons, H. W. Herridge and Owen L. Jones had already won a high reputation as valuable members before the last election. In that contest the voters of British Columbia saw fit to reinforce their party with a quartet of able and energetic recruits. Harold Winch, who so far has not lived up to his reputation of being an extremist firebrand, could almost be described as an old parliamentary hand. Colin Cameron is a man of broad culture, whose interventions in debate reveal an informed knowledge of social and economic problems. Two younger men, Thomas Barnett and Erhart Regier, give indications of becoming useful members of the House. It is true that none of the four Social Crediters from British Columbia, except George Hahn, has emerged from obscurity in the House but, as far as the other parties are concerned, the province has sent no real "duds" to the new House of Commons.

CP

ANGUS MacINNIS: A good debate.

One possible reason for the creditable nature of its representation at Ottawa is that no other province pays its teachers so well and attracts such a high proportion of university graduates to the teaching profession. The result may well be a better educated body of voters, who demand a standard of intelligence and ability in Parliamentary candidates, which is not always insisted upon in other provinces.

OLD HABITUES of Parliament Hill have been recalling their memories of two former members of the House of Commons, who have died lately. Agnes Macphail had the distinction of being the first woman ever elected to our Parliament, and before she left it in 1940, after 19 years of service, her sincerity, her good nature, her wit and her selfless advocacy of worthy causes like prison reform had made her one of the most esteemed and popular members of the House. Isaac Pedlow, who had reached the great age of 92, was, in a much briefer career on the Liberal benches (from 1917 to 1921), one of the chartered eccentrics of the House and his disposition to kick over the party traces made him a constant trial to the Liberal whips. A Quaker by religion, he was a singularly honest politician and after he retired to private life he performed the uncommon feat of taking a degree at Queen's University when he was over 60 years of age.

Foreign Affairs

St. Laurent for Atlantic Union

By Willson Woodside

IN THE TIME, the place and the person could not have been better united than in Mr. St. Laurent's proposal, in Bonn, that the NATO nations should broaden their alliance into a political and economic union. Coming just as the Berlin Conference has failed to find a German settlement, it offers a new and constructive program for integrating Germany in the West. And just as the French are again taking up the EDC question, to make their final decision on joining with Germany in a European Army, St. Laurent's proposal offers them new assurance that they won't be left alone, in Germany's embrace.

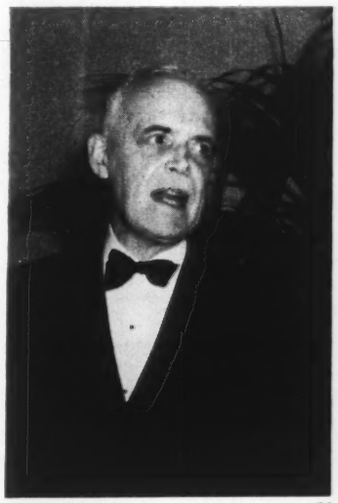
When I first saw the headline of St. Laurent's new proposal of Atlantic Union, my first reflection was whether it would not have been better made in Paris than Bonn. Perhaps he did make the same suggestion at a dinner in Paris, and it wasn't handed out to the press. But in any case, there were excellent reasons for saying this piece in Bonn.

The question of how to proceed with the integration of Germany in the West must now be tackled afresh. The Western powers are completely committed to the policy of working this out with the free co-operation of the West Germans. Canada can speak to the West Germans more easily than can the French, who are the ancient enemy, the British, who are the keenest trade competitors, or the Americans, who are all-powerful.

Canada has entered, in fact, into a very special relationship to the Germans in recent years. We are taking more Germans in as immigrants than any other national group; and more Germans are going to Canada than to any other country in the world. The group of Canadian editors with which I recently toured Germany was quickly made aware of a special German interest in Canada. We were also assured by a German cabinet minister that his people had appreciated the way in which we sent our troops over there. "It was in all the papers," he said, "that Canada would not send troops to occupy Germany, but only to protect her, and that they would only be sent on the invitation of the German Government. Later, another report appeared in every German paper, that Canada would take no occupation costs."

There remains the question—important enough—whether the NATO members will pay any attention to a suggestion from the Canadian prime minister. I think that the bare fact that the offer comes from the far, or safer, side of the Atlantic, and from Canada's position as one of the outstanding "have" nations of such a union, assures it attention. It also comes well from Canada and from Mr. St. Laurent because he was the first Western statesman publicly to propose a North Atlantic alliance; and because it was Canadian delegates who wrote into the Charter of NATO the famous Paragraph Two calling for more than military collaboration.

It was, too, at the Ottawa meeting of NATO in September, 1951, that the strongest feeling of a developing Atlantic Community was in the air. Even the staid *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says: "The creation of a supranational North Atlantic high authority was one of the needs revealed by the end of 1951; the other need came from the growing realization that the North Atlantic Community could not confine itself to matters of defence but had to be equally concerned with economic and social problems . . . The logic of the situation demanded the transformation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization into an Atlantic union."



CP

RETURNING THE VISIT of Chancellor Adenauer to Ottawa, Mr. St. Laurent proposed to German leaders in Bonn that NATO be developed into a political and economic community.

If some of the inspiration has gone out of NATO since then, it is not only because Eisenhower is no longer supreme commander or even because the Soviet danger seems less without Stalin. It is in considerable part because sight has been lost of the constructive goal of an Atlantic Community and no further steps towards this have been taken.

Now Mr. St. Laurent has put this to the fore again, and it is to be hoped that the other Western statesmen take it up. It is really the only answer to the French contention that the Germans are too strong for them in a West European Army, without Britain, and the British contention that they can't tie themselves so tightly to the Continent and still guide a Commonwealth spread across the world. It is the answer to the problem of German membership in NATO; that problem would arise the moment the European Army was formed. It cannot be expected that Germany would watch the other five member-states of the EDC—even little Luxembourg—troop off to meetings of NATO and consent to be excluded herself.

To come down to plain terms, the EDC was designed to *contain* Germany, as well as to defend her, and add to our defence. There is a real problem of containing Germany, as there is of containing Soviet Russia; though in the former case we are aided by many influential Germans who want Germany to be safely contained, for the sake of its democratic development, and by a German public opinion which longs to belong to the Western community. Nothing less than an Atlantic Union will safely contain Germany. Even NATO will not do it safely, because as a member of NATO Germany could insist on having her own national forces, unless others, notably France, were to renounce theirs.

Bonn was thus a highly suitable place for Mr. St. Laurent to make his proposal—perhaps more suitable than he had expected, with Molotov having just trotted out his big plan for an All-Europe Peace Pact which would exclude Canada and the U.S. and break up NATO. But let it not be thought that St. Laurent was thinking only of what is best for Germany, or France, or Europe. It is no accident that Canada has been in the forefront all along in pressing for an Atlantic alliance and for its expansion into an Atlantic union. For this is the nearest thing to a perfect solution for Canada's international position. It takes account of our strong traditional links with France and Britain and our strong trade and cultural connections with the United States. It is the answer to our defence problem. And not least, it would give us a counter-balance to the great weight of the United States on our southern border.

If there is to be a let-up of several years in the cold war while the new Soviet leaders are getting a firmer grip on things at home and in their empire, then the West will need such a positive goal as this to work towards. I have long been convinced that Atlantic Union is the biggest practicable project of international union which can be achieved in this generation.

All the experience with NATO has shown that there is no practicable border line between a military union and a political and economic union. The chief lack in the organization which impressed itself on General Eisenhower, when he was Supreme Commander of NATO forces, was a political authority to take orders from and to serve. He served, as General Gruenther does today, 14 separate governments. And in economic affairs, NATO already infringes on the sovereignty of the members with its annual review—first conducted by the famous Three Wise Men—which digs out exactly what they can afford to contribute.

Records

Nostalgia

By George Frazier

FOR THOSE OF US who clutch at the remembrance of lovely things past, the small, independent record companies provide a nostalgia that somehow seems beyond the comprehension and command of the major firms. The RCA Victors, the Columbias, and the Deccas do this and they do that, but always, or a'most always, on an assembly line basis. After its fashion, of course, what they accomplish is commendable, but who, dear, sweet God, wants to hear an anomaly like Eddie Fisher pollute the grandeur of Irving Berlin? It is my testy conviction that except for such exquisite rarities as the haunting "Mary Martin Sings for You", certain Sinatra excavations into the past, Lee Wiley's remarkable "Night in Manhattan", some of the Lehman Engle musical comedy recreations (all on Columbia); the charming Capitol glimpses of yesteryear by the likes of Sinatra, Nat King Cole, Jackie Gleason, and Mel Torme; two LPs by the incomparable Ted Straeter dance band on M-G-M; a notable Gershwin portfolio by Eddie Condon on Decca; and perhaps a few other items (including, of course, "original cast" albums of musicals) that elude my memory, the big companies seem utterly incapable of summoning up the past, of producing stuff that is redolent of the years that have fled.

Right off-hand, I cannot think of anything as appalling as a recent RCA Victor series called "Show Time", a prodigiously inept effort to recapture some of the golden moments of the Broadway theatre. Out of the sixty-four selections culled from sixteen different musicals, only four — "I'm Just Wild About Harry" from *Shuffle Along*, "My Funny Valentine" from *Babes in Arms*, Cab Calloway's "It Ain't Necessarily So" from *Porgy and Bess*, and, most satisfying of all, a rendition of "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" from *Jumbo* in which Jack Cassidy sings the rarely heard verse — seem to me to be possessed of either feeling or authenticity.

Why, one wonders, has no major company ever produced anything as captivating as the album of *Cabin in the Sky* tunes which Ethel Waters made for Liberty? And why, for that matter, is it that two Liberty sets by Mark Monte's modest little band — "Songs of the Twenties" and "Songs of the Thirties" — should have an altogether bewitched nostalgia that is completely lacking in Decca's ambitious anthology called "Songs of Our Times"? The answer is painfully obvious: the big companies, except in the rarest of instances, aren't in the least interested in releases that are caviare for the general. The Mabel Mercers and Lee Wileys and Hugh Shannons may be artists, but, after

all, they don't have the wide appeal of an Eddie Fisher, so why waste time with them?

By all this I do not intend to imply that everything put out by the independent labels is worthwhile. It isn't. Much of it, indeed, is just awful —acoustically inadequate, artistically pretentious, and so forth. The best of it, however, is sort of wonderful.

What, for instance, can compare along its own lines with the album of obscure but evocative Rodgers and Hart memorabilia which Lee Wiley recorded for Rabson's some years ago? It is enduring in a way that performances of popular music rarely are —as fresh and as exciting today as when it was first released. Yet the major firms (except for Columbia's "Night in Manhattan" and two abominations — one of Irving Berlin, the other of Vincent Youmans, on both of which she was hoaxed by a spectacularly unrhythmic two-piano team) have ignored Miss Wiley shamefully. Fortunately, the independents have been more circumspect, for, besides the Rodgers and Hart, she has interpreted Harold Arlen, one of the genuinely gifted songwriters of our time, for Schirmer and both Cole Porter and Gershwin for Liberty. On all of them, by the way, she is provided with marvellous backgrounds by such exalted jazz instrumentalists as Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, Fats Waller, Jess Stacy, and Joe Bushkin.

Like Lee Wiley, Mabel Mercer, a spacious, tawny-skinned woman of British birth, has also been neglected by the big firms. I am quite aware of the distressing fact that she will never outsell the pedestrian likes of Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting, but, at the same time, I know that her interpretation of Bud Redding's unforgettable "The End of a Love Affair" on Atlantic is infinitely more meaningful than either the Shore version on RCA Victor or the Whiting treatment on Capitol. Everything considered, it's a good thing there's a company like Atlantic in business, for otherwise we might never have had an opportunity to hear Miss Mercer in our living rooms.

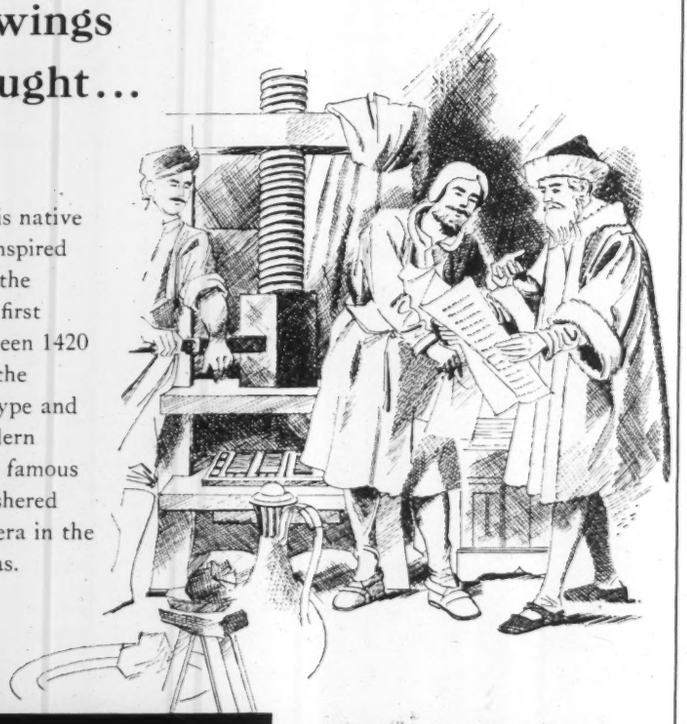
Miss Mercer, who whispers her songs of unrequited love as she strolls from table to table in a tiny, smoke-filled loft called the Byline Room on East 52nd Street in New York City, has several distinctions, none of which is a good voice. What she does possess, though, are, among other endowments, a fabulous memory for even the most obscure of show- and show-type tunes, immaculate taste, and one of the most expressive voices in the world. The two LPs by her on Atlantic seem to me classics of their kind.

The same firm has also had the courage to risk its funds on such affecting, but not too well-known, performers as Hugh Shannon, George Byron, Mae Barnes, and Goldie Hawkins. I don't care much for the Hawkins piano set, but it is no more than accurate to report that he has a dedicated following which considers him quite something. As for George Byron, who is now married to Jerome Kern's widow, he is a very special cup of tea indeed. My own feeling is that his voice is almost too well-trained to project show tunes properly, but that no one, including Mabel Mercer herself, has a keener ear than he for resurrecting material—"The You-Don't-Know-the-Half-of-It-Dearie Blues" and "Blah, Blah, Blah," for example — that had been swept aside by the headlong rush of the years. And as for Shannon and Miss Barnes, I am enthusiastic almost without qualification. Miss Barnes, a massive, energetic colored woman who used to perform in Paris and more recently at the *Bon Soir* in Greenwich Village, is monumentally lusty as she plunges through a collection of numbers that desperately needed to be recorded. Shannon, on the other hand, is one of the sad young men who are glad to be unhappy, oh, so very glad. His voice is husky and intimate, full of the sickness of shattered love affairs, and, as such, is practically ideal for capturing and conveying the unique despair of a number like "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor". Another pleasant thing about this boy is that on this Atlantic he also does Cole Porter's "Experiment", an extract from *Nymph Errant* that, to the best of my knowledge, hasn't been recorded since the late Al Bowlly sang it on HMV with Ray Noble's band.

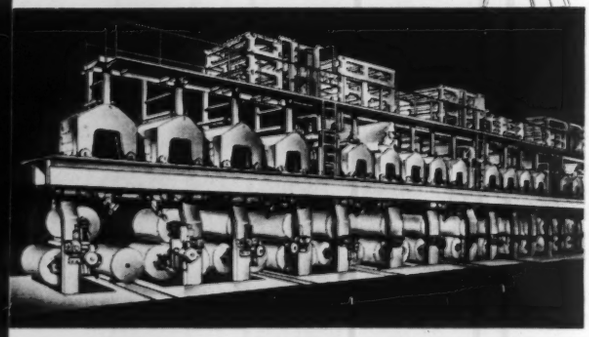
As for Ray Noble and whatever happened to him and the likes of the Jack Hylton of "Just a Gigolo", that is nostalgia of another sort and I think we had best leave it for another time.

THE PRINTED WORD . . . RECORDER OF ACHIEVEMENT, KEYSTONE OF PROGRESS

the wine-presses that gave wings to thought...



The wine-presses of his native Hessian countryside inspired Johann Gutenberg in the designing of Europe's first printing-presses. Between 1420 and 1440 Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type and the true father of modern printing, produced his famous "42-line Bible" and ushered in the dawn of a new era in the communication of ideas.



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Letter from London

Little Masterpiece from the Twenties

By Beverley Nichols

LONDON has gone back to the twenties, and London is loving it. All because of *The Boy Friend*. If you were to find yourself in the neighborhood of Wyndham's Theatre towards eight o'clock in the evening, you might well think that a riot was in progress. *The Boy Friend* is one of the very few "sell-outs" in town.

This piece has a curious history. A young man called Sandy Wilson became enamoured of the Twenties, and everything to do with them. He pined for cloche hats and knee-length skirts; he thrilled to the jargon of those hectic days ("*too* shymaking, my dear!"); he scoured old copies of *The Tatler* and *The Sketch* for accounts of parties of the Bright Young People; he studied the scores of old musical comedies; and soaked himself in the youthful works of Coward and Novello. Then he proceeded to sit down and write an entire musical comedy, book, lyrics and music, keeping strictly to the idiom of the period.

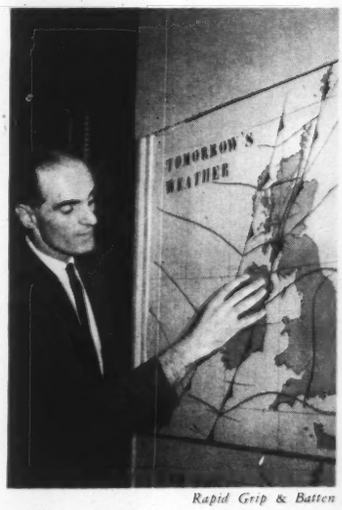
The resultant masterpiece — for a little masterpiece it is—was first tried out at The Player's Club, with a totally unknown cast, whose average age, by all appearances, was about nineteen. That same cast is now delighting the West End. And not only delighting it, but influencing it. On my second visit there was quite a sprinkling of smart young females in the stalls who had reverted to the hair-do of the twenties, with the straight fringe over the forehead. And there was one middle-aged lady of title, who must be nameless, who had unearthed one of her old party dresses, and was parading in it during the intervals, to cries of delight from the teen-agers.

If all this sounds excessively frivolous and unsocial I would suggest, in excuse, that it is a healthy rebellion against the spirit of austerity. You must remember that for their whole lives these young people have been brought up in an atmosphere of scarcity, of rationing, of queues, of coupons. Moreover—and this is even more important—throughout the most susceptible period of their youth, when the Labor party was in office, they were subjected to a ceaseless propaganda which might be called "The Doctrine of Drabness". If the wiziest and stupidest members of the community could not afford pretty things, then *nobody* must have pretty things, however hard he or she worked.

That was the theory, and among the extremists it still is. The supreme exponent of this Doctrine of Drabness is my *bête noire*, Dr. Edith Summerskill, who was Parliamentary Secretary in the Ministry of Food during the Labor Government. It was she who had the unexampled effrontery to get up in the House of Commons and inform members that she had no intention of allowing the manufacture of Stilton cheese, because it was "a perverted taste"!

If any woman had dared to utter such impertinent nonsense in the old days, she would have been rightly regarded as only one letter removed from a witch.

THE great cold spell continued, and as usual London was totally unprepared for it. If you walked into any ironmonger's you saw a notice on the counter — "Sorry, No More Paraffin". In spite of this, along the wall would be a long row of empty containers — gasoline tins, jugs, and empty bottles, left by customers in the pathetic hope that they might



Rapid Grip & Batten

The Great Thaw was announced in dramatic accents.

sooner or later get a little fuel for their stoves. The barrow boys, needless to say, were making the most of the opportunity, trundling along their loads of logs at grotesquely inflated prices—as much as sixpence apiece for a small log of unseasoned elm. Burst pipes have been the rule rather than the exception, and the Turkish baths were packed out with disgruntled business men whose water tanks were frozen up. The only people who really enjoy this sort of thing are the kids — the ponds at Hampstead and Highgate were alive with children.

These arctic conditions cause short tempers, and the ire of the population has been increasingly directed against that modern version of the soothsayer, the weather forecaster. A little while ago, the BBC decided to brighten up its weather reports by showing them on television, introducing a large scale map by the side of which a young scientist stood with a pointer, telling us exactly what we were to expect in the way of fog, sleet, drizzle —and even sunshine — in the next forty-eight hours. These forecasts have been so persistently wrong that they are becoming a farce. The climax came when the Great Thaw was announced, in dramatic accents, as sweeping down from Scotland to bring relief to shivering Londoners. All that happened was that the temperature dropped a further two degrees and the north wind increased in bitterness. This—to one disgruntled viewer, at least—seems to be the rule rather than the exception. It is time that the prophets gave it up as a bad job, and admitted that British weather, like British womanhood, is totally unpredictable.

Once again London has a *London Magazine*. The original *London Magazine*, you may remember, was first published in 1820, and lasted for nearly ten years, during which period its editor, John Scott, published such immortals as Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt. It was here, too, that de Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* first saw the light and—best of all—Keat's *Sonnet on a Dream*.

Scott — alas — aroused the jealous rage of the great Lockhart, who was editor of the rival *Blackwood's*. And eventually he was killed in a duel with Lockhart's second, Christie, at Chalk Farm (which in those days really was a farm; today it is a teeming limb of London).

It is to be hoped that no such fate awaits the present editor—an amiable middle-aged poet named John Lehmann, who has something of Scott's genius for discovering new talent.

IF I AM accused of giving undue prominence to television in this column, my reply would be that it is making such spectacular progress that you cannot understand modern London, or modern Britain, without taking it into consideration. It has become a "must" for every family who wishes to be regarded as respectable. Indeed, it has revealed us as a nation of snobs. Statistics have just been published showing that the number of aerials sold considerably exceeds the number of sets—which proves that some people would die rather than admit that they were not in a position to afford this latest menace.

Among the new national personalities created by television is Philip Harben—a tubby, bearded, Bohemian-looking person who gives a weekly talk on cooking. He is something of a genius; he can bring drama even into such a simple process as making a cup of tea, and when he comes to more exotic dishes, the tension round his oven is almost unbearable.

And yet, though he is mobbed in the street, though his fanmail is enormous, he is by no means a spectacular draw when he appears on the stage. (Nor, for that matter, are any of the other television personalities). At his first music-hall appearance he had a miserable house, and played to empty benches.

Lighter Side

Cadillac vs. Buick

By Mary Lowrey Ross

LAST WEEK the time rolled round for conducting my telephone poll on a significant public issue. I selected a number of opinion-holders from the telephone book, and put the question to them: Was the City Council justified in refusing the Mayor a Cadillac car?

My first opinion-holder, a Mrs. Mixted, seemed a little confused by the question. She disappeared presently and Mr. Mixted came on the line. "You giving away a Cadillac?" he asked.

I explained that I had just called up for an opinion on an important current issue.

"You mean if I get the answer right you give away a Cadillac?" Mr. Mixted asked.

It took some time to clarify this point. In the end Mr. Mixted announced, "She ain't giving away a Cadillac", and faded off the line for good.

A Mrs. Bagwick, my next opinion-holder, declared that the difference in price between a Cadillac and a Buick might very well be invested in an adequate number of litter-cans.

"What is the point in meeting important visitors in a Cadillac if you have to drive them to City Hall over a mulch of torn newspaper, used transfers, gum wrappers and old rubbers?" she pointed out.

A Mr. Tovey also declared himself in favor of the Buick.

"The Mayor doesn't need a Cadillac," he declared. "If he gets stuck he just has to say, 'Sorry, but the wife took the Cadillac, leaving me with the Buick.' That's what the rest of us would have to say."

"The rest of us don't have Cadillacs either," said Mr. Tovey.

"In any case, if the Mayor feels too bad about meeting distinguished visitors without a Cadillac," Mr. Tovey added, "he can always hole up in the Men's Washroom till things blow over and leave it to one of the Controllers to do the explaining."

A Mrs. Golightly said that personally she couldn't tell a Cadillac from a Buick. "Or, for that matter, a Mayor from an Alderman," she added.

I pointed out that this was an important issue. "How would you feel," I asked, "if a distinguished visitor, say Lord Louis Mountbatten, arrived in the city and the Mayor was compelled to meet him in anything less than a Cadillac?"

Mrs. Golightly said it wouldn't bother her. "After all, I don't know Lord Louis Mountbatten from a hole in the ground," she said.

I said after a moment, "Would you be in favor, then, of using the extra money for an adequate supply of litter-cans, so that the city streets

would at least be free from gum-wrappers, used transfers and old galoshes when distinguished visitors arrived?"

"Well, if the public can stand it, I guess the distinguished visitors can," Mrs. Golightly said.

"This is an important civic issue and no one can afford to take it lightly," I said.

"Personally I wouldn't know a civic issue from a litter-can," Mrs. Golightly said. "You can put me down as saying that it wouldn't bother me if the Mayor met distinguished visitors on his scooter."

After this depressing display of civic indifference it was encouraging to talk to a Mrs. Bass, who declared warmly that the Mayor should certainly have been provided with a Cadillac.

"With all the running round he has to do and the amount of municipal business and everything he should at least be given a car that would hold a quorum comfortably," she declared. "Certainly I would have given him a Cadillac. And thrown in mink seat-covers."

"I don't regard the matter as at all significant," declared a Mr. Twinning. "There are far more important matters waiting the attention of the City Council."

Mr. Twinning listed a few of these issues: the problem of winter quarters for the duck population, a civic drive on the fruit-fly pest, the municipal licensing of household cats and the addition of sunflower seeds to all feeding stations for birds.

"You may also say I am against current methods of tree-dentistry, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the feeding of grapefruit rinds to the waterfront seagulls," he added.

I asked, after a moment, "Would you mind saying, just for the record, whether you are for or against the action of the City Council in refusing to purchase a Cadillac for the use of the Mayor?"

Mr. Twinning appeared to consider this for some time. Then he said, "You may say I am definitely against women drivers," and hung up with a decisive bang.

A Mr. Badger declared that he felt the whole matter should be referred to the Better Business Bureau. "In my business I run into a lot of this competitive skulduggery," he added.

"May I ask what is your business, Mr. Badger?" I inquired.

"Me?" said Mr. Badger, "I sell Buicks."

•

The Charwoman

(Who Burned Carlyle's "French Revolution")

Her name is not even known. And she
acted for God,
As we all do. As he himself said, fulminating
Against unbelievers, yet seeing in the
ravaging mob
The First Mover—or rather, to him,
the Unutterable.

Now one of those who had set the
world on fire
Had set fire to the conflagration of his
book:
The book burned as he wrote it, was
twice burned.
And what core could outlast that
double flame?

Any other would have taken this for
an omen;
But he made of the world's fire and
ignorance his forge.
The book, with God in its midst, was
not consumed;
The heart of it lived, in a heap of red
leaves.
"You destroyers," he said, "have
never, seeing that God
Moved you, done harm, but good
You burned paper."

LOUIS DUDEK

•

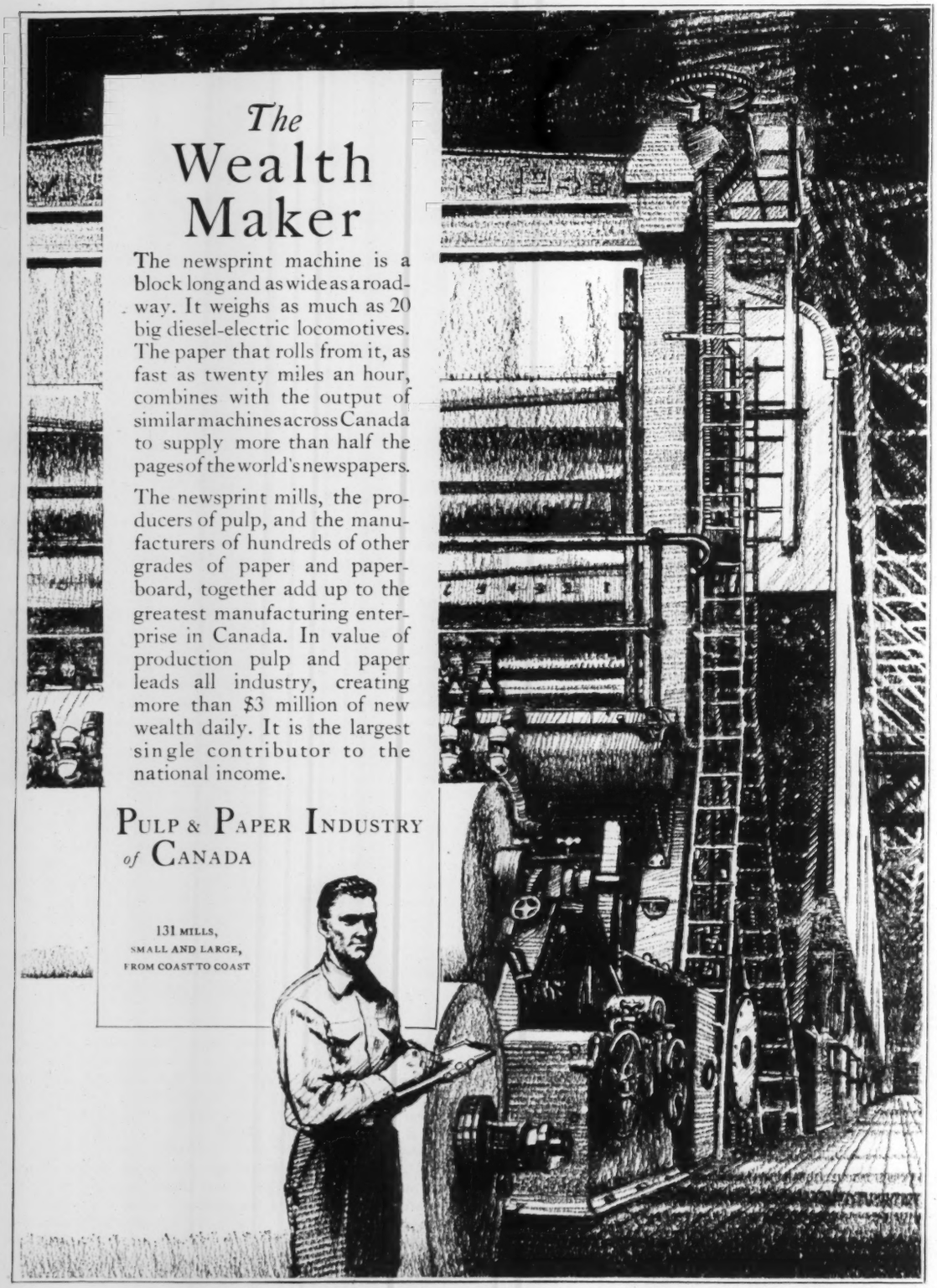
Poem For a Three-Year Old

If I could weave white light
Like wreaths, or peel the sun
Like petals off the earth,
Or spill it like water over you
I would, I would.

If I could make you hear
The ringing birds, the loud bright
Of the berry,
The thin wing of canary and the snort
of cloud,
I would, I would.

And if I could slice yellow
Into lemon and for a little minute catch
Green with all its silence,
How I'd butterfly it all into a net!
If I just could.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON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Films

The Movie Round the Corner

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE CHIEF SUFFERERS in the current battle for customers are probably the neighborhood theatres.

For the smaller theatres the wide-curved screen is out of the question, since they can hardly replace their present equipment without displacing the customers. It is inevitable too that, as techniques advance, their showings will look more and more to the newly sophisticated eye of their clientele like 16 mm. productions in the church basement. At present, the small neighborhood theatre still offers a refuge to teen-agers who enjoy its unsupervised dimness and to middle-aged people who just want to get away from home. This, plus their availability and the pop-corn stand in the lobby, is about all the competition they can offer to the television set in the living room and the cinemascopic production downtown.

In the meantime, CinemaScope is being promoted as "the greatest forward step in fifty-nine years of motion pictures"; and as a medium that "adds dramatic dimensions to the screen and provides actors with a greater range for their talents". In every way, the backers of CinemaScope declare, it is bigger, better, and more diversified than any form of entertainment yet offered to the public.

Up to the present it just looks bigger to me.

No doubt the producers and directors will in time be able to manipulate the new giant screen figures more handily, and to cover with livelier motion the vast acreages they have taken over. Meanwhile, CinemaScope is booming. More than a dozen new productions are ready or under way. These include *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef, King of the Khyber Rifles, Hell and High Water, River of No Return, Prince Valiant, Night People, We Believe in Love, Pink Tights, Demetrius and the Gladiators* and *There's No Business Like Show Business.*

If these productions are to represent the greatest forward step in 59 years of moving pictures, they will have to offer something more than a larger diffusion of action. Great loose spectacle isn't the final answer to Hollywood's problem. A good tightly constructed story, on a medium-sized screen, at a moderate price, is still more acceptable to thousands of movie-goers than parades of gladiators and wastes of landscape.

It will be interesting if CinemaScope, by its sheer excesses ends by driving us back to the neighborhood theatre.

While the popularity of Three D films seems to be on the decline, the occasional polarized-view film still turns up. The most recent was *Hondo,* a Western having to do with one of the final skirmishes between settlers and the Apache tribes.

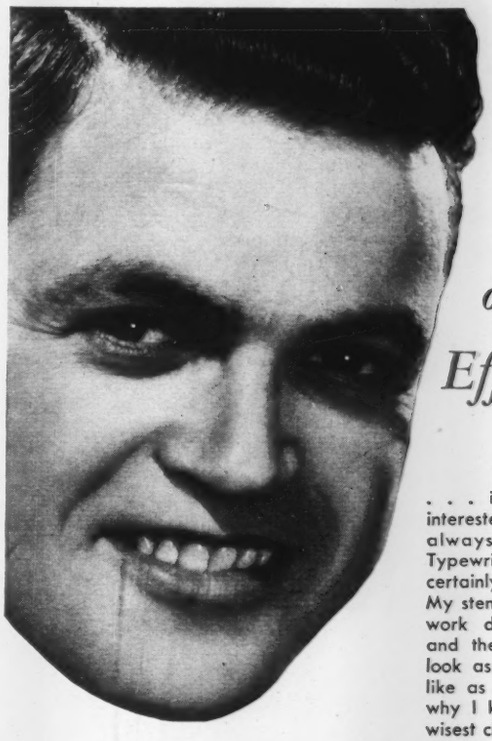
Apparently the technicians have been busy on the third-dimensional problem, and their product is now greatly improved both in depth and detail. The polaroid glasses are still a nuisance, however. Mine happened to have a missing flange, and a certain lethargy, induced perhaps by the strenuous behavior on the screen, prevented me from making the special effort to get a fresh pair. Once an Apache armed with a scalping knife bounced at me off the screen, but my glasses went out of focus in time to lessen the impact. John Wayne is the star here. Nothing has changed in the quality of his sturdy non-acting.

20th Century-Fox

"DANGEROUS CROSSING" co-stars Jeanne Crain and Michael Rennie.

Dangerous Crossing combines elements of two first-rate mystery-melodramas—*Gaslight* and *So Long at the Fair*—to make a second-rate thriller. The heroine (Jeanne Crain) discovers an hour or two after she has started out on her wedding trip to Europe that her husband has disappeared. Passports, tickets, wardrobe, all vanish and for a while it looked as though the bride's wits would follow them. No one on board will believe she ever had a husband, except the ship's doctor (Michael Rennie) who convinces her that she has transferred the Father-Image to the first man she met—a diagnosis that plunges the poor girl into worse confusion than ever, and is no help to the dialogue. However, Dr. Rennie succeeds in identifying himself with the Father-Image, and the bride comes shakily into port.

Decameron Nights is a screen treatment based on an adaptation, which places it safely two removes from the original Boccaccio. Here we have Boccaccio (Louis Jourdan) wandering through war-devastated Italy in search of Fiametta (Joan Fontaine), a virtuous widow dedicated to the memory of her late elderly husband (Godfrey Tearle). Eventually he tracks her down to a country retreat where she has surrounded herself with a group of female war refugees. To soothe the young ladies, who are suffering less from the horrors of war than from the lack of male society, Boccaccio moves in and settles down to recounting tales, most of them aimed at the prim reserves of his hostess. These include *Paganino the Pirate* and *The Doctor's Daughter.* Presently the widow Fiametta joins in and contributes her own piece of fiction, a tale about a lady doctor who marries an adventurer against his will and then seduces him without his knowledge. The sets have a picture-book charm and Joan Fontaine has never looked better than in the XIV century costumes designed for her here.



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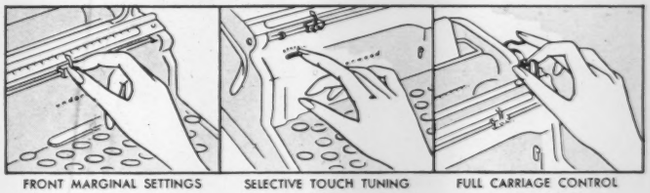

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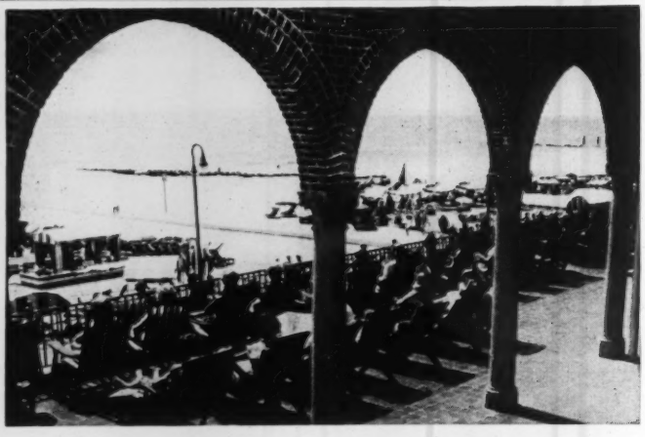

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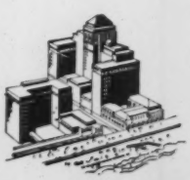

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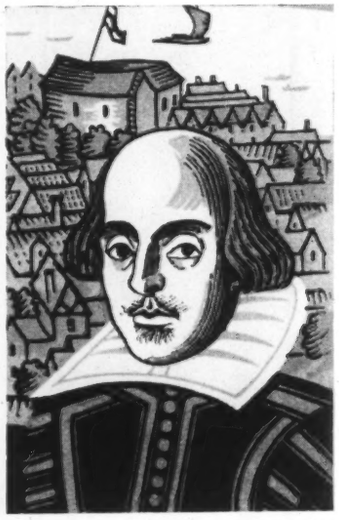
Books

What Shall I Read Next?

By Robertson Davies

THE QUESTION WHICH stands at the head of this article is the name of one of the books which will be reviewed herein; it is also a question which may be presumed to crop up often in the minds of SATURDAY NIGHT readers; it is not a question which ever troubles a book-reviewer. The five reviewers who prepare the Shorter Notices for this department read and reported on 309 books between May 1 and December 31 of 1953. This was by no means the full number of books which were received for review, but it was all that they could manage. The present writer, in the same period, read and reviewed 80 books. This work is done in addition to a great deal of other reading which is demanded by other work, and simply by the need for mental feeding and stimulation.



From the Jacket of Illustrated History of English Literature.

A book reviewer, if he is worth his salt, has to keep his memory of certain great books of the past refurbished, and he has to read a certain number of books upon which he is not required to express an opinion, and he reads for pleasure. Reading books for review, though it is very frequently interesting, cannot be considered a pleasure, for at the reviewer's elbow there is always the stern figure of Duty, nudging him when his attention wanders, rapping him on the knuckles when he is tempted to skip, and impatiently rattling the pencil with which he makes his notes. Therefore, when the reviewer says, What shall I read next? he knows only too well that the choice lies not in the infinite riches of a library, but among the new and glossy books which amass, like bricks, upon his desk.

The attractive title *What Shall I Read Next?* is not attached to a chatty discussion about books, but to an excellent list of good twentieth century books which F. Seymour Smith has prepared for the National Book League of Britain. It is a companion book to the same author's list of English classics, called *An English Library*. Under twelve headings — Biography, History, Travel, etc.—Mr. Smith assembles the books written since 1900 which seem to him to be most deserving of the attention of the average intelligent reader. It is easy to find fault with such lists. I wonder, for instance, why James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which is certainly one of the important books of our time, is omitted. I cannot be because Mr. Smith thought it too difficult for most readers, for he has put in Philip Toynbee's *Tea With Mrs. Goodman*, which is a puzzling book. It seems odd that those two astonishing imaginative novels by Mervyn Peake — *Titus Groan* and *Gormenghast* — have been omitted. But it is not my intention to cast doubt upon the excellence of this book, but to praise it. If you really want to know what there is in modern English literature which could give you pleasure, this is the best guide I can offer you.

If you are a serious collector of books—that is to say, if you buy books with some regularity and take pleasure in having them in your house, Lionel McColvin, who is Chief Librarian of the city of Westminster, has written a little book called *The Personal Library* which may help you. His attitude is a refreshing one; he does not urge his reader to buy books as a squirrel collects nuts, nor does he talk booksy nonsense about firesides, slippers, friendly pipes, well-worn volumes and other stage-properties of the phoney book-lover. Indeed, he advises you against buying certain sorts of books which you will want, but which you will only want once—thrillers, light love-stories and other pleasant trifles. He tells you how to build up a personal library which will be valuable to you all your life and which your heirs will not be compelled, reluctantly, to sell to the junk man. He tells you what books you can get, and what they will cost; as his prices are in English currency you will have to add a bit to them when reckoning in dollars; it probably costs more to be decently literate in Canada than in any other civilized country on earth. He tells you what reference books you may want, and what costly books of reference it is not worth your while to buy. From a canny and experienced librarian, it is significant that he does not mention the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; its prestige has been dropping in recent

ars, but I did not realize that it had llen quite so far as this calculated nission suggests.

There are some wise words in r. McColvin's guide about collect- g valuable books; he speaks not to e enslaved bibliophile, but to the or- nary reader, who may like to pick a few books of more than com- on interest, and what he has to say calculated to save you money and rhaps some degree of humiliation. e writes very sensibly about books r children — *never* give children eaply produced books, whatever u may be prepared to put up with ourself—and he tells you how to get formation you want by intelligent e of the large public libraries which e available to you. This is a very od little book, without a word of nsense in it, and I think that not nly people who want libraries of their own, but members of the boards of public and institutional libraries, will find it valuable.

Let us suppose that you want a private library of modest size, and that you want to read some classics in English? To what book will you turn for advice? I recommend that you try A. C. Ward's *Illustrated History of English Literature*, the first volume of which, carrying you from Chaucer to Shakespeare, has just appeared. It is for the reader who is intelligent, but not learned.

Histories of English literature tend to fall into two classes. There are very scholarly ones, like the vast Cambridge History, which are far beyond the range of the ordinary reader and which serve only to discourage him; and there are the cheap, catchpenny ones—I will not name an example—which are compiled by hacks, and which are either unreadable because they are badly written, or so full of dubious anecdote and uncritical enthusiasm that they disgust the reader. The guides which are general without being sketchy, and popular without being vulgar are few, and it is good to have this handsome addition to their number.

The characteristic of the book which impresses me most is that it makes a reasonably light-hearted approach to English Literature; so many works on this subject regard themselves as the Tables of the Law, and achieve the weight of stone without the Mosaic inspiration. Mr. Ward covers the predecessors of Chaucer very ably in 13 pages, and tells the general reader all he wants to know about the skin-pants-and-horns-on-the-helmet compositions of the Anglo-Saxons without boring him to death. He writes about those aspects of English literature which are attractive to the modern intelligent reader who is not a scholar, and occasionally he permits himself the luxury of a joke. As one who has been hounded over the ploughed fields and rough thickets of English Literature as presented by scholars, I was delighted to make a tour in Mr. Ward's easy-going, friendly company along the highroad.

The illustrations are a great feature of this book, and they are just as good as those which do so much for the illustrated *English Social History*; they have been chosen by Elizabeth Williams, and they are distributed in pleasant groups through the volume. There are full and first-rate notes on the pictures, assembled at the back of the book.

This first volume makes me eager to see the two which will follow it, one taking the reader to the end of the Augustan Age, and the third to the death of Bernard Shaw. This is a book for the private library, and most certainly for all school libraries and public libraries, for its friendly approach and pleasant format are well suited to those readers who may be timid in their approach to English letters. This is a popular work in the best sense of the word, for it approaches the reader not as mere professor-fodder, but as a friend who wants to be shown the beauties of a great and noble literature.

WHAT SHALL I READ NEXT?—by F. Seymour Smith—pp. 200 and index—*Macmillan*—$2.00.

THE PERSONAL LIBRARY—by Lionel McColvin pp. 152—*Dent*—$2.00.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, vol. 1, Chaucer to Shakespeare—by A. C. Ward—pp. 216, notes and illustrations—*Longmans, Green*—$5.00.

In Brief

ELIXIR—by Doris Hedges—pp. 191—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.50.

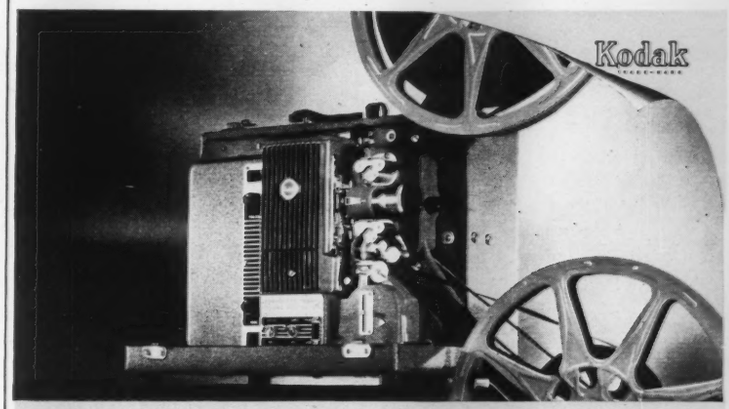
This Montreal author, perhaps more known and appreciated in Britain than in Canada, here lightly explores a problem few of us have to face—what happens to a well-worn male when he gets a second crack at being young again? It starts when Michael Dorkin, fifty, a Montreal businessman, drinks (thinking it water) a fluid containing some very rambunctious hormones. His hair turns a youthful black, his thoughts a sensual purple, his family an embarrassed pink. One message in the book is loud and clear, a word for wives and other female bystanders: if it happens to any man in your neighborhood, get a pint of the elixir yourself; you'll need it.

NOT AS A STRANGER—by Morton Thompson —pp. 948—*S. J. Reginald Saunders*—$5.95.

Mammoth? Stupendous? Stupefying? All three, is this huge novel by the man who wrote *The Cry and the Covenant*, which was also about doctors and medicine.

He starts with a boy to whom any doctor is God, God with a front step a small boy can sit upon, God with a horse a small boy can hold. The boy has a blowhard for a father and an ignorant mystic for a mother, but he gets to medical school anyway. Positively moulting all except medical ideals along the way, he is a talented surgeon by the time he graduates, but goes into practice still virgin to the knowledge that a doctor can be stupid, dirty, crooked, cruel and incompetent without anybody, least of all the medical profession, forcing him to haul in his shingle. One by one, as painfully as killing raw nerves, his medical ideals are modified — but not too modified, at that, even in the end.

Some of the dozens of operations described in the narrative read like dramatized incidents from a medical journal, in at least as much detail. And for anyone who is fresh out of



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painful symptoms, here is a gold mine. It is a good novel, too, although the writing style sometimes beats at the mind like an overdose of benzedrine and other times like an overdose of phenobarb.

HEIRS OF THE WIND—by Michele Prisco—translated from the Italian by Violet M. MacDonald—pp. 462—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

Here, in all the matter-of-factness which seems the common denominator of Italian writing today, is one of the shoddiest characters of recent fiction. Sergeant Nicola Mazzù of the Italian *carabinieri,* a peasant by birth, is sent to take over a new rural district where his acquired manners and his police position give him contact with the local gentry. One of the richest of these, a retired doctor, has five daughters. The good sergeant marries them one by one, his passion solely an adjunct of his love for the doctor's land—which he thus acquires by fifths, until he has it all.

It is all completely convincing but, surprisingly enough, occasionally dull. The author's best work is his delineation of the doctor's household, a creation worthy of Jane Austen, with the five moody, prancing, complex daughters caught there as if mesmerized by the year by year approach of the plausible, all-devouring sergeant.

A SUNSET TOUCH—by Howard Spring—pp. 256—*Collins*—$3.00.

Roger Menheniot was a middle-aged London bank clerk stuffed to the brim of his bowler with knowledge about, and reverence for, his great landed forbears in Cornwall. He'd been only once in youth to the ancestral home, now owned by others, but the memory had kept his life warm. Then another Menheniot, a fighting man from the United States, walked briefly in and out of his life, on the exit leaving enough money for Roger to quit his job and go to Cornwall to set about restoring the Menheniot name.

The flowering of this likable, shy and very real man into his first real love, his first indulged lust, and the painful knowledge that sometimes dreams are better left as they are—these are the materials of this good novel. Many people wouldn't miss a book by Mr. Spring (*My Son, My Son! The Houses In Between,* and many others). This one deserves that kind of confidence.

WINGS OFF THE SEA—by J. E. Macdonnell—pp. 254—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

Not many novels have come out of the Korean war. For that reason alone, if not for many others, this one by an Australian may be worth reading. Its scene is a British aircraft carrier whose planes, constantly flying against troops and other land targets, are piloted by brave men but directed from the ship by a hero who has lost his nerve. The book's main conflict is of this clash between the senior men in the air and the man below who earlier had fought too often and too bravely for his spirit to endure. The background is almost a textbook on the operation of a modern flattop. Sadly, Mr. Macdonnell's women are fashioned after those most common in American war novels — beautiful bags to be used and then thrown away.

THE SOUTHERNERS—by Edna Lee—pp. 407—*S. J. Reginald Saunders*—$4.65.

This densely-populated novel is about an illegitimate child growing up in Atlanta during the period from 1900 to World War I, raised in society (with many a whisper behind the fan as she passes, you may be sure) to a seemingly paralyzing state of beauty. The writing is as lush and mannered as the South itself, but with little of the South's warmth and even less of its charm.

ONE WHO RETURNED—by Josephine Blackstock—pp. 217—*Burns and MacEachern*—$3.75.

The conversion of a wealthy and sensual young Jewish courtier into a follower of Christ is the story of this rather halting novel set in the period of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. The author, born in Toronto but a resident of the United States for many years, seems to reach too hard for every effect and, except when depending on pure biblical mysticism, is seldom convincing. S. Y.

•

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

ALONG WITH the very favorable reception accorded Alain White's little substitute volume *Knights and Bishops,* published in 1909, came a number of requests for a book on the white Rooks. Work on this was started immediately, and with good collaboration he was able to present *The White Rooks* at Christmas, 1911. Out of over 400 such problems collected, 273 were included. The white force was limited to the Rooks and at most a few Pawns, but, owing to the Rook's monotony of movement, the restriction on the black force was removed.

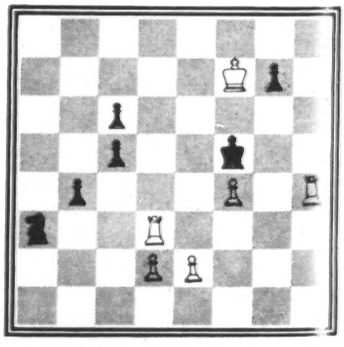
Within four days of the appearance of this book, fresh material began to pour in, and resulted in a sequel volume *More White Rooks* the following Christmas, an occurrence rare in the annals of chess literature.

It is certainly surprising that Alain White was unable to include any black Pawn promotion problems in his first Rook volume. We select one by Dr. H. W. Bettmann from the fifteen in *More White Rooks:*

White: K on Q1; Rs on QKt5 and Q8; Ps on QR4, QR5, QKt3, K4 and K6. Black: K on QB3; R on QKt8; B on QB8; Ps on QR7, QKt5, QKt7, QB2, Q7 and K2. Mate in three.

1.P-K5, P-R8(Q); 2.KR-Q5, etc. 1.P-K5, P-R8(B); 2.RxP, etc. 1.P-K5, P-R8(Kt); 2.R-QR8, etc.

Problem No. 54, by G. Heathcote. Black—Six Pieces.



White—Six Pieces.
White mates in three.

Solution of Problem No. 53

Key-move 1. Kt-Q8, threatening 2.RxQKt mate. If Kt-K2; 2.Q-6 mate. If Kt-Kt5; 2.PxR(Q) mate. If Kt-B5; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If QKt else; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If Kt-Q7; 2.KtxP mate. If Kt-Kt4; 2.R-B5 mate. If Kt-Q3; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If KKt else; 2.Kt-B3 mate.

Sports

The Glory Boys

By Jim Coleman

ON THE FIRST AFTERNOON of 1954, a wild-eyed young man named Tommy Lewis made a strong and early bid for "Kook of the Year" honors. Lewis was listed as a fullback with the University of Alabama football team and, on New Year's Day, he leaped from the bench, dashed onto the field and tackled Dick Moegles of Rice University who was speeding for the Alabama goal-line.

Since the presence of Lewis on the field was in contravention of The Code Gridiron, Moegles and Rice University were awarded a touchdown. Rice won the game quite handily while Lewis took all prizes as the most emotional athlete of the day.

Within 30 hours, Moegles had been forgotten while Lewis had been flown to New York to appear as a guest on a national television show.

Of course, as many daily newspaper columnists have pointed out to you, we have witnessed a somewhat similar incident in Canada. A few seasons back, Pete Karpuk jumped off the Ottawa Rough Rider bench to tackle Ulysses Curtis of the Toronto Argonauts in University of Toronto Stadium. Karpuk offered no pious or chauvinistic excuses for his strange conduct—he hinted that he didn't care too much for Curtis and, besides, he had discovered that the Canadian football rule book didn't cover such a situation.

Immediate public reaction was much as Karpuk has anticipated, too. The maddened Toronto spectators made snowballs and threw them violently at Karpuk. Since he was amply protected by a helmet and heavy padding, Peter simply hunched his shoulders and grinned evilly as he contemplated the confusion he had wrought while the snowballs bounced harmlessly from his fibre helmet.

"I pick my spots," said Peter, some months later. "Football fans in Toronto are nice people. If I'd pulled that same stunt in Hamilton, there would have been a chunk of coal in every snowball."

Alabama's Tommy Lewis would be well advised to capitalize quickly on his notoriety. No football player can emulate his feat before next autumn. His fate is sealed; even if he goes on to scale Mount Everest or swims the Atlantic Ocean underwater, he will be remembered always as Alabama's "Twelfth Man" in the Bowl game against Rice.

Take the case of Roy Riegels, who played centre for California in the Rose Bowl game of 1929. In American football, the centre is a lineman who observes the game from between his own long legs and upside-down. But fate pointed a finger at Riegels in that particular game and he scooped up a fumbled ball and ran for the goal-line. Unfortunately, his compass had been jolted out of kilter and Riegels ran for his OWN goal-line. His dismayed team-mates finally overhauled him and subdued him. The damage had been done, however, and California subsequently was forced to concede a safety-touch which cost them the game.

Riegels would have been just another forgotten lineman if he hadn't lost his bearings that New Year's afternoon. Instead, his error made him an international figure. His name is remembered 24 years later and he became wealthy selling life insurance or automobiles or something. It couldn't have happened to a finer and more mixed-up kid.

There is a tendency among North

Toronto Daily Star

PETE KARPUK picked his spot.

American sports enthusiasts to remember the ludicrous or the unfortunate incidents in an athlete's career. For instance, Babe Herman is referred to jocularly as the outfielder who needed a bombproof shelter despite the fact that he had a batting average of .393 for the Brooklyn Dodgers one season.

Even more famous is the case of the much-maligned Fred Merkle of the New York Giants. Any follower of professional baseball can tell you that Merkle committed an error of judgment which cost the New York Giants a National League pennant.

Few persons remember that Merkle was only 19 at the time and playing his second year in the National League as a substitute first baseman. He went on to play first base for the Giants until 1916; then went to Brooklyn and the Cubs and finished his active career with the New York Yankees in 1926. Eighteen years isn't a bad record for a man who has been labelled a bonehead.

Although it didn't go into the record books as an error, Merkle and Chief Meyers combined to cost the Giants a World Series in 1912. In the 10th inning of the final game, Tris Speaker of the Boston Red Sox hit an easy foul pop-fly and Merkle and Meyers watched it drop between them. Granted a reprieve, Speaker singled, driving home the tying run, and the Sox won it all when Fred Yerkes scored on a fly to the outfield.

Often, too, it is the winner who is forgotten. Did you ever hear of Charlie Thompson, who rode the winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1921?

The Derby of 1921 gave Charlie Thompson his brief taste of glory. Colonel E. R. Bradley had entered two horses, Behave Yourself and Black Servant, in the mint julep classic that Saturday afternoon. Colonel Bradley was one of those gamblers with a heart of gold. He supported orphanages with the money which the suckers lost in his gambling joints. Of course, he also supported himself and a string of fancy horses. The horses ate oats coated with gold leaf.

Charlie Thompson was a nice innocent little exercise boy who never had eaten an oat coated with gold leaf. He was given the mount on Behave Yourself and, in the paddock before the race, he was instructed to keep the horse out of trouble and bring him back alive.

Charlie knew better than to disobey instructions. He was so careful getting away from the starting webbing that he was far behind the sizzling pace which was being set by Jockey Lyke on Black Servant. Charlie and Behave Yourself were eighth going past the rambling Churchill Downs grandstand for the first time and they were sixth going down the backstretch. Charlie was enjoying the scenery and taking good care not to bump into other horses.

The field went wide on the big turn and Behave Yourself promptly sneaked through on the rail. Behave Yourself was running so swiftly that Charlie nearly fell off when he discovered that he was head-and-head with Black Servant as they straightened out for the run to the wire.

It was a horse race through that homestretch. Behave Yourself and Black Servant fought it out every stride of the way and, when they flashed under the wire, it was Behave Yourself in front by a short head.

The spectators gave Charlie Thompson a rousing reception as Behave Yourself tip-toed into the unsaddling enclosure. They had witnessed a flawless exhibition of riding and Charlie simply had out-finished Lyke on Black Servant. Charlie expected that Colonel Bradley would give him a demijohn of liquid platinum or a sack of hundred-dollar chips. Instead, Colonel Bradley gave Charlie a perfunctory nod and walked out of the winner's circle with smoke pouring from his ears. You see, Colonel Bradley had wagered a fortune on Black Servant and he hadn't bet a thin dime on Behave Yourself.

Strangely enough, Charlie Thompson never again was asked to ride one of Colonel Bradley's fancy horses.

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The Backward Glance

66 Years Ago This Week

IN THE "AROUND TOWN" column of SATURDAY NIGHT for Feb. 25, 1888 we were amazed to read that Sir John A. Macdonald had been attending revival meetings in Ottawa. The writer said: "During the evangelistic services of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, in Ottawa, Sir John's regular attendance at their meetings has excited more than passing comment. His unconcealed interest has assumed a degree of intensity which means one of two things: He is either working a campaign scheme and hoping to attract the great and influential Methodist body to the side of his party, or in his old age he is seeking the blessings of religion."

We are in no position, sixty-six years later, even to guess why Sir John A. Macdonald attended these revival meetings, but from stories we have heard about him and his tippling, we are inclined to believe that he was genuinely seeking help. Sixty years ago the only "cure" for drunkenness was religion, and religion, through its teetotal societies, temperance groups, and pledge-signing, rescued many drunkards who would otherwise have ended up in the gutter.

Today we have fancy names for drunkards, "alcoholics," "problem drinkers," and "dipsomaniacs," but the problem is the same as it was in Sir John's time. Medical science, through psychiatry, has discovered some of the mental causes of drunkenness, and the psychologists and sociologists have discovered others, but the cure for drunkenness lies today where it did sixty years ago, with the drunkard himself. The old-time method of having the drunkards step to the front of a Methodist Hall, give their personal testimony and sign a pledge of sobriety is almost exactly the same as is practised today at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. We use bigger words today, but sodium bicarbonate is only Grandma's baking soda.

In the same issue it was recorded that a young man named Chandreau, living in Napanee, Ont., had shot his wife for running home to her father, and had then shot himself. This very common pattern of murder and suicide resulted in two columns of philosophical wordage in which the writer discussed everything from the marriage vows to the fact that wives who leave home are seldom happy. He said, speaking of Chandreau: "He was young and but half a year married. The dream of a happy future with his wife was still a part of his being, and when that dream ended, his life was worthless to him, and his passion for her was sufficient to make him resolve that in death they should not be separated. This seems text enough to base a little romance upon. . ."

There was a large reproduction of a painting, "Mazeppa," by Horace Vernet, on page three, accompanied by an article on this doughty Cossack hetman. The picture shows Mazeppa, bound naked to the back of a wild horse, being jolted across the Russian steppes after the irate husband of a Polish noblewoman has discovered Mazeppa's dalliance with his wife. Although the story of Mazeppa has taken its place in folklore and (nearly) mythology, he was a real man who lived during the latter part of the 17th century. Vernet's picture must have graced many a parlor sixty years ago, and it is quite possible that there is a black and white reproduction of it still hidden in your Aunt Flossie's old trunk, beneath her souvenirs from the St. Louis Exposition and the odorless sachets of English lavender that she got from the young man who was killed at Ladysmith.

We've had dance marathons, flagpole sitters and six-day bike races, but sixty years ago they even had six-day walkathons, although they called them "six days walks." The New York papers had denounced them as cruel exhibitions, and stated that they attracted only the rowdier elements of the population. Out of fifty starters only thirteen of them finished, the majority dropping out through exhaustion. The winner won a prize of $5,000, and for this he walked a total of 621 miles.

During 1887 three banks had failed in Canada, the Bank of London, the Central Bank, and the Federal Bank. The Bank of London had paid off its shareholders 95 cents on the dollar, and its president had been shoved in the pokey.

The Financial Section of the magazine only appeared now and then, and was written by somebody who signed himself "Moses". It was a very folksy column, and ended with the following item: "I have in my mind at present a man whose commercial career in this city has been one series of successes. Every venture until two months ago was a profitable one, but the reverses came sharp and sudden . . . loss of $25,000 in two companies . . . $40,000 in a defunct bank . . . and several minor losses. The strangest feature is that his friends say he is much more agreeable than he has been for years." There's a success story to gladden the heart of any ulcerated financier.

Business

The Radio Industry: Time for Sale

By HARRY BOWLEY

RADIO IS A BUSINESS that deals in time and space, and, as with any other business, the use of these commodities must be paid for by someone. In the case of state radio, of course, it is the taxpayer who foots the bill, but the question of who really pays for commercial radio has been debated strenuously and often fatuously.

There are those who point out that, obviously, the advertiser pays while the listener gets his entertainment free. The other camp maintains just as stoutly that the cost of sponsored radio programs is tacked on to the cost of goods advertised, so that the listener-consumer not only gets his entertainment shot through with messages from the sponsor, but foots the bill as well.

A comparison of the prices of advertised and unadvertised merchandise shatters the second argument. On the other hand, sponsors are not philanthropists; they invest in expensive radio programs in the hope of recovering their full investment, and then some. The paradoxical but inescapable conclusion is that nobody pays for commercial radio, which makes it just about the biggest bargain any society could wish for. A further, and far from incidental, advantage is that, advertising, long the guarantee of a free press, is no less a guarantee of a free radio.

Canada's 140 independent radio stations represent a total capital investment of about $27 million. They get their entire revenue from the sale of time on the air, and this brought in during the year ending March, 1953, total receipts of $18 million. These figures are informed estimates; the latest official figures, compiled in 1950 for the Massey Commission, showed an average gross revenue in 1948 of $130,909 for the 109 stations included.

The cost of radio advertising varies, not only from one station to another, but also according to the time of day, the evening hours with their high listenership naturally commanding the highest rates. The cost of a segment of time of any given length, from 20 seconds to an hour, at any given time of day, is determined from a station's rate card. Radio men recognize two kinds of advertising, national and local. National advertising does not necessarily mean network advertising; in Canada, radio networks are a government monopoly. National advertising is advertising of products or services with national distribution. It is generally placed on stations through an advertising agency located in the same city as the advertiser's head office. Local advertising is advertising of products or services with purely local distribution, and it gets a lower rate on most stations.

Competition among stations for national advertising is keen, and virtually all stations employ the services of representatives in Toronto and Montreal, who bombard advertising agencies with charts, statistics and success stories on behalf of the stations they represent. On any business placed, agency commission is 15 per cent, and the representative's commission is usually 15 per cent; both commissions are paid by the radio station.

According to current figures, stations get 34.53 per cent of their total revenue from national business. Local business accounts for 61.59 per cent. The remaining 3.88 per cent is network business, and that brings us to the CBC, where we were bound to wind up sooner or later anyway.

Network broadcasting in Canada is a CBC monopoly. There are very minor exceptions. Four independent stations — two in Montreal, one in Toronto, and one in Vancouver — are directly affiliated with American radio networks. There is also a small independent network of French-language stations. But the remaining stations are not permitted to affiliate with American networks or to form networks of their own.

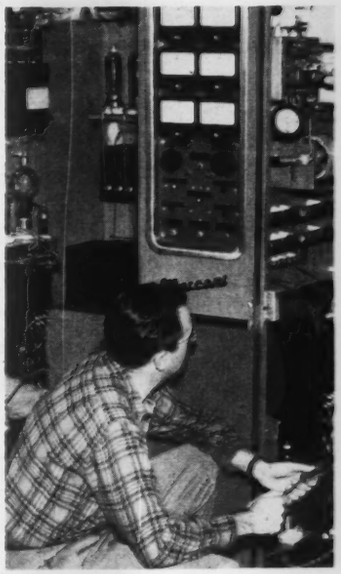
However, CBC, lacking facilities for nationwide coverage, has had to bring independent stations into its networks. How much a station receives from CBC for the use of its facilities varies from one station to another, depending on a number of factors, including (one suspects) the bull-headedness of the station manager. At least two stations have succeeded, by what stratagem remains unrevealed, in making CBC pay the going rate as shown on their rate cards. In other cases the figures vary wildly, down to about one-third of card rate. This, incidentally, applies to sponsored network programs only; independent stations must carry CBC sustaining programs without payment, even when such a program originates in the studios of the station concerned.

It must be remembered, too, that when the CBC carries an American program, it gets full payment from the originating network in the United States, which, in turn, has been paid by the advertiser. In these cases, the CBC is nothing more than a broker and organizer.

A comparatively minor source of revenue is the sale of time to political parties before elections. Politicians pay the same rate as any other advertiser when they buy time on independent radio stations. This policy, which has worked admirably, is dictated not by cupidity, but by the difficulty of arriving at any other satisfactorily democratic method of apportioning time among political parties. The CBC gives away political time, but has run into considerable trouble with its distribution. Formerly it allotted time to each party in proportion to its representation in the House; this pleased nobody except the party in power. The Corporation then came up with an abstruse formula which is regarded with suspicion by all parties, but they are withholding complaints until they figure out how it was arrived at, which is liable to take some time.

Broadcasting time on an independent station which is not sold, either to an advertiser or to the CBC, is, of course, sustaining time which must be filled at the station's own expense.

THE COST of operating an independent broadcasting station has increased by an estimated 400 per cent since 1938, while revenue in the same period is up an estimated 250 per cent. By far the biggest item of expenditure is payroll; the industry pays $8½ million yearly to some 3,700 employees — technicians, announcers, artists, writers, salesmen, record librarians, production men, newsmen, and office workers. Agency and representatives' commissions are the second biggest item. Next come rental fees for transcribed programs and recorded music; this includes royalties paid to CAPAC (Canadian Association of Publishers, Authors and Composers) and BMI (Broadcast Music Incorporated), the two music copyright holding organizations. A 1952 decision of the Copyright Appeal Board required independent stations to pay one and three-quarter per cent of their gross revenue in copyright fees — a yearly total for all stations of at least half a million dollars. This decision was appealed, and will be reviewed shortly by the Supreme Court.



Witton

Operating costs up 400 per cent.

Another significant item of expense is news service. Virtually all independent Canadian radio stations subscribe to one or both of the two national teletype services available: Press News (the radio division of Canadian Press) and British United Press. For local news, stations either employ their own newsgathering staff or have an arrangement with the local newspaper. All news sources must be approved in advance, in writing, by the CBC.

Unlike CBC, independent stations shoulder their full share of municipal, provincial and federal taxes. In addition, they pay an impost which by its nature must be unique in Canada's business world: to the state-subsidized CBC, which simultaneously regulates them and competes with them, they turn over a quarter of a million dollars yearly, one per cent of their gross revenue, as a "transmitter licence tax".

As a business, an independent radio station has many satisfactions to offer its operators, not the least of which is the prospect of a good financial return. Capital investment in a new station varies widely according to the ambitions of its promoters, but to establish an average-sized station in Canada today calls for an outlay of around $130,000, plus enough reserve to carry through for about two years of unprofitable operation. Average annual profits run around eight per cent of invested capital, or about ten per cent of operating expenses.

To offset the satisfactions, however, there are a number of unique frustrations. A radio station is more than a business, and independent station operators are well aware of this. Relegated to a purely community level, they have accepted this role with good grace, and take pride in the loyalty shown by listeners in their communities. But they chafe under frequent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

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AVAILABLE AT ALL LIQUOR COMMISSION STORES

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

de Havilland Aircraft

I HAVE *a number of shares of de Havilland Aircraft. It only pays a dollar a year in dividends and yet I see that it is being dealt in on the exchange at $120 a share. Can you give me any idea as to why this should be? —T. A. B., Ottawa.*

The apparent reason for the shares selling at their present price is the equity that lies behind each share. On the basis of the annual report for 1953, equity per share now stands at $169.55. This is based on total assets less current liabilities and the loan from the parent English Company.

Much of the improvement in equity, which stood at $44.96 in 1950, has been due to the increase in the land and building items in the balance sheet. The company's land and buildings at Downsview were sold to the Crown and a new plant has been constructed there. This is expected to be in operation by the end of March.

Canadian Pacific

IN SEPTEMBER *of 1951 I bought Canadian Pacific at 36½. Since that time it has gone down to 20⅝ and now stands at 24. Would I be wise to sell and re-invest in something else or do you think it will rise in the future?—D. M. A., Toronto.*

From the position of the stock on our chart, it appears that considerable difficulty will be encountered near 25. Supply at this level will prove difficult to overcome and seems likely to halt the recent advance from the low.

In support of this, it appears that the outlook for the railroad is not too bright. Car-loadings, both here and in the United States have been declining consistently, when compared with the 1952 results, since last August. In addition, income from major subsidiaries such as Steamships and Consolidated Smelters is expected to be reduced.

Thus the stock appears to be a sale for possible repurchase near 18.

Frobisher

I AM NOW *holding Frobisher at 6.50 and Frobisher rights at 80 cents. I understand that Ventures is committed to take up all stock not purchased by the exercise of the rights at 10 on June 27, 1954. I would appreciate your opinion and recommendations on this situation.—Mrs. E. M., Toronto.*

Ventures is committed to purchasing at 10 any of the 495,517 shares not taken up by shareholders in accordance with the offer of rights, and Ventures also holds an option to purchase 500,000 shares within a two-year period.

The rights were originally scheduled to expire on June 27, 1953, but this date was later extended a year. In view of the depressed condition of the general mining market there appears to be a possibility that a further extension of time may be made. What decision will be taken by the directors in this regard is, of course, unknown at the present time.

As a general observation, I would say that the action of the stock will provide the best clue to possible developments. Should it hold in its present price range near 5, or sell off, over the next few months I would expect the rights and options would be extended again.

Canadian O & G Reserves

LAST JUNE *I bought shares in Canadian Oil and Gas Reserves at 1.74. I sold them at 90 and now they are quoted at 70. Would you advise repurchase and what are its prospects?—N.B, Vancouver.*

From what data is available on this company, it appears that its interests lie in two main areas. The first is in the Chauvin area of northeastern Alberta, close to the Lloydminster heavy oil field. The second is in the state of Oklahoma. According to a letter to stockholders from the vice-president and general manager, the company values its oil reserves at $9.5 million, but no method of computation is shown. Neither is production income, which now is more important as a means of assessing a company's possibilities.

The stock was listed on the Canadian Stock Exchange last June 1, and 3,600,000 shares of the 5 million share capitalization are now outstanding. It appears from this that the main cause of the advance in the price of the stock to the high of 1.77 was the efforts of the underwriters to market stock.

From what can be seen now, the stock does not appear to be too attractive for repurchase and it is considered that the present market price represents a fair valuation of the company's assets.

While there is always the long chance that an oil company will strike a pool of commercial importance, the odds are heavy against a small company beating the major companies at their own game. Thus it appears that positions in oil stock should be confined to companies that have close to a $1 million per year in production income and the reserves to maintain these production levels. Smaller companies are poor bets, especially those which refuse to disclose figures on reserves and production income.

Fenimore Iron

I PURCHASED *shares in Fenimore Iron Mines. Would you consider this a solid investment for the future, or is it worth holding on at all?—L. M., Sorel, PQ.*

This company can hardly be considered a solid investment for the

fixure at its present state of limited development. While it holds title to an enormous deposit of iron ore of the siderite type, the problems that must be solved to bring it to the commercial production stage are very large.

For shipment, and this can only be for part of the summer, the ore must be concentrated and secondly, due to the rough terrain that exists between the end of the Labrador railroad and the property, only shipment by sea seems practical.

Thus it appears to be a long-term proposition and at the present time the stock must be considered only as a speculation and a subject for quick profit-taking when the opportunity is presented.

Sunshine Lardeau

W. A. ONE YEAR AGO *I purchased 1,000 shares of Sunshine Lardeau Mines at 88 cents. Do you think I should sell, buy more at today's prices or paper the bathroom wall with them?—J. H. W., Vernon, BC.*

Not much sunshine can be forecast for this company at the present time, with the lead smelter at Kellogg, Idaho, refusing to take more than half of the previous shipments from the mine and the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Smelter at Trail, BC, refusing to take any.

According to the president of the company, such a cut in production could place the operations of the company in the uneconomic bracket and force a suspension of operations.

As the results of the year which ended on October 31, 1953, were not too favorable, with a loss of $11,576 being recorded, and the market for base metals showing no signs of improvement, the obvious answer is for you to salvage what you can from the stock.

The Stock Market

G. YOU SEEM *to take a thoroughly pessimistic view of the stock market. Only rarely do you recommend stocks as buys, and those mainly as short term trades, while most are viewed very coldly. Would you care to elaborate your reasons and give me your views on the technical position indicated on your charts?—C. R. S., Toronto.*

Our attitude stems from what we believe is a realistic appraisal of both the chart and economic factors apparent at the present time. You will recall that last Fall the Dow-Jones averages had recorded lows of 255.49 and 90.56 in the move that commenced from the January high of 293.79 in the industrials and the December 1952 high of 112.53 in the rails.

The present advance from those lows must still be classed as a secondary recovery. Both averages, not just one, must mark new highs to indicate a reversal of the major trend. Secondary recoveries, especially when viewed against a background of declining business activity, are from the technical point of view to be used as a means of liquidating common stock positions and transferring funds to bonds or other fixed yield securities of approximately equal yield.

The broad advance in New York has carried the averages, at the time of writing, to 293.99 and 103.49, and many of the key stocks, such as General Electric and du Pont, that have led the advance are now selling at prices that afford yields well under 5 per cent.

As the averages have for 14 trading days moved in a very narrow range of about two points, it is evident that distribution is in command of the market with close to two million shares per day being supplied to buyers. Technically this pattern of trading provides us with a "line" or channel formation.

From the technical position of the New York market, which calls the tune, it appears that the channel formation will be reinforced on the supply side by selling from last summer's buyers who have held for the six months required by the American capital gains tax law. Added to this is the divergence between the two averages indicated by the persistent refusal of the rail average to attempt to push through to a new high.

As persistent refusal to "confirm" is a classic warning, according to Dow Theory, of a reversal, especially when over-enthusiasm for stocks is abounding, caution is warranted at the present time. A market that has advanced for six months is overdue for at least a reaction, and should the channel formation endure much longer the possibilities of a decline to around 275 and 96 would increase considerably.

Thus the market seems much more of a sale than a buy, and if our bearish conclusions are correct, the down objectives are 225 and 66.

In Brief

CAN YOU TELL *me anything about Woodhall Mines? Are they still in existence?—R. M., Leaside, Ont.*

Long dead.

I HOLD *shares of Pitt Gold Mines at a cost of 36 cents. Should I buy more to level up my price or sell?—E. M. P., Chilliwack, B.C.*

Why sell now at two cents?

I BOUGHT *shares in Yukeno Mines at 1.20. They are now at 12 cents. Should I buy more to average down my cost?—J. S. D., Abbotsford, B.C.*

No.

WHAT DO YOU *think of Canadian Propane as a speculation at present prices?—J. D. M., Winnipeg.*

A fair bet.

I HAVE *300 shares of Leitch Gold Mines. Would you advise keeping this stock?—A. C. T., Montreal.*

Yes.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with shares of Tache Lake purchased at 36?—J. M., Sorel, P.Q.*

Take your loss.

•

The number of queries received is so large that it is impossible, unfortunately, to answer each one in time for the information to be of benefit to the questioner. All queries are carefully considered, however, and an effort is made to discuss the questions which appear to be of the greatest general interest.

Careful Investors

What is a careful investor?

Usually, a person who secures accurate information and sound advice before making investment decisions.

Our organization is fully qualified to give you this information and advice at any time.

A call or visit to any of our offices will bring prompt attention to your requirements.

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AURORA ONTARIO

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS
Three scholarships each of the annual value of $1000
Six scholarships each of the annual value of $700

are offered for open competition among boys in Grade 8 or higher who wish to enter St. Andrew's next September. Examination on May 13th and 14th is suited to candidate's present grade and may under certain circumstances be written at candidate's present school. General information about St. Andrew's and particulars about scholarships will be sent on request.

Please write to the Headmaster, K. G. B. Ketchum, B.A.

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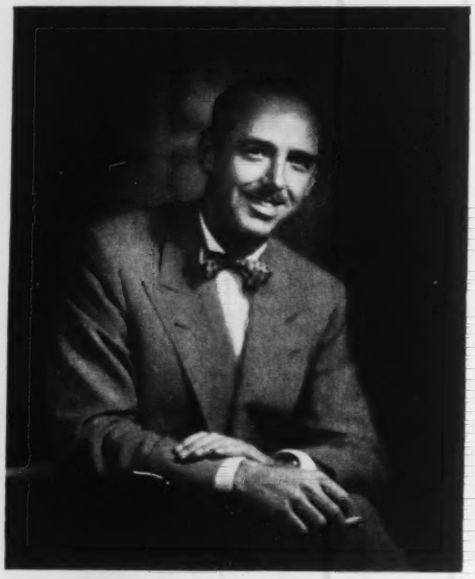

MR. J. S. TULLY JR.
President of J. S. Tully Jr. Ltd.

in a portrait taken by

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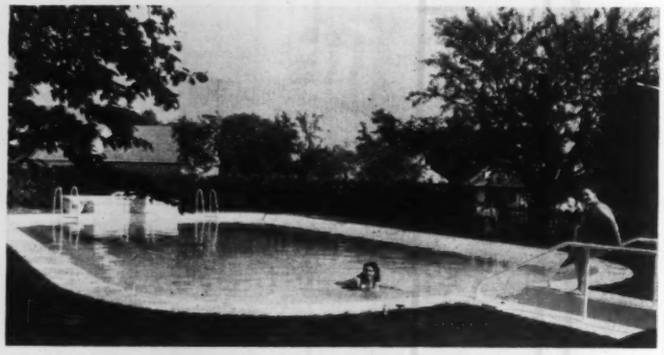

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Who's Who in Business

The Jobs That Others Wouldn't Do

By John Wilcock

CRINKLY-HAIRED Kenneth Roland Patrick is a remarkable combination of earnest enthusiasm and boyish good humor. But the growth of his company, Canadian Aviation Electronics Ltd.—which he founded seven years ago—is even more remarkable.

In postwar Canada, the fast-growing electronics business was virtually controlled by a handful of companies—all subsidiaries of U.S. firms using U.S. designs and a great deal of U.S. talent. With that kind of competition ranged up against him (and at a time when nearly all graduating Ph.D.s and engineers were going south of the border for jobs) Ken Patrick's new all-Canadian company decided to specialize.

It offered to do all the kinds of jobs that other companies found irksome or unprofitable. It trained its own technicians, sent them up to the Arctic equipping important electronic installations and began to provide a much-needed repair and maintenance service for electronic devices in heavy industry.

Ashley & Crippen
KENNETH PATRICK

By last December CAE found itself with a new Montreal plant employing 900, a subsidiary TV-set manufacturing company (Du Mont), smaller plants in Winnipeg and Vancouver, a batch of profitable inventions and a growing export market. It has made money right from the start, is still all-Canadian and despite its comparatively late start is the largest electronic engineering firm in the country.

"We still do the difficult jobs, too," Patrick says. "We regard them as a challenge to keep our minds stimulated. We've learned a lot of things by doing work that other people wouldn't."

The 38-year-old Group Captain (he is the senior officer in the RCAF Reserve) started his learning at school in his birthplace of St. John, New Brunswick, where his father was a paint manufacturer. The family moved below the border when Ken was still a child and it was at Southbridge, Mass., that he began work, operating his own electrical equipment firm, straight from college.

On the day war broke out, September 3, 1939, he enrolled in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a pilot. "As soon as they found out about my electronics training they whipped me off to officers' training school," he said. It was just a matter of hours, really, despite the fact that at the time I didn't know an NCO from a Squadron Leader."

Since the war his relations with the RCAF have continued as a Reserve officer. He personally talked top radar officials into setting up a country-wide system of reserve radar stations and has since, as a top-ranking Reserve officer, kept an eye on their functioning as well as making flight missions to Korea in November, 1951. At the same time, his company has developed and executed for the Air Force a multitude of ideas including an electronic trainer for potential CF-100 pilots which exactly simulates flying conditions in this jet-propelled fighter without the danger or expense which would be encountered in the actual plane.

There have been other valuable inventions. A meter for measuring the moisture content of grain and the Scintillometer, a supersensitive geiger counter which is being bought by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and 18 other governments, are both products of CAE's Winnipeg branch which concentrates on the smaller electronics instruments; in Montreal manufacturing emphasizes heavy electronics equipment.

Since taking over as head of the company after leaving RCA Victor in 1951, Ken has had less time for his two yachts, his TV-equipped office (he agitated years ago for an earlier start to Canadian television), and his attractive French provincial-style home at Senneville, 22 miles from Montreal. A family man (though a young-looking 38, he is the father of three teen-age children—one girl), he has nevertheless spent more time recently in such places as the Arctic, Alaska, New York and Britain, than at home. The only hobbies for which he still finds time are photography, flying, reading, and good food—Chinese for preference.

CAE's peripatetic President has tremendous confidence in the electronics industry and its growing importance to Canada's future. Anyone studying CAE's growth since 1946 might develop a similar sort of confidence in K. R. Patrick himself.

EXPORT "A"
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Always specify "SAFETY SEAL" envelopes. Write us for further literature, samples and prices.

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Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

criticisms from some quarters that their programs lack cultural content, especially when critics attribute this alleged deficiency to materialistic motives. The fact is that most Canadian listeners are decidedly lukewarm about the kind of culture purveyed on the CBC's Wednesday Night, and independent station men cannot see that they would be fulfilling their responsibilities as community stations by driving their listeners away.

But a more practical reason for any shortcomings in the independent stations' programs is the no-network regulation. No single American radio station could ever finance such programs as the Jack Benny Show, Lux Radio Theatre, American Album of Familiar Music, or the NBC Symphony. As you read this, dozens of independent Canadian radio stations are broadcasting dozens of different programs, all of which cost money.

Most of a station operator's woes trace back to the fact that the government regulations under which he operates are all administered by his closest competitor, the CBC. Thus, licences to broadcast are issued for three years, with no guarantee that they will be renewed on expiry. Any station must carry CBC programs—or for that matter, any other programs—when required by CBC to do so. Transmitting power, frequency, and program content are all under rigid control of the CBC, which under the circumstances would be superhuman—and it isn't—if it did not occasionally legislate to its own advantage.

No independent radio man objects to a reasonable amount of government legislation, but most of them are understandably bitter about being under the thumb of their competitor. Through their trade association, the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, they annually bring the situation to the attention of the Parliamentary Radio Committee, a group of MPs which sits every year to mull over the radio situation in this country, and usually leaves things as it found them. For years, the CAB has been arguing for a separate regulatory board which would take over CBC's legislative functions and administer them impartially.

For the last year or two, the independent broadcasters have advanced a still more forceful argument: that they are in the publishing business, and therefore, in a democratic society, should not be singled out from other forms of publishing for special government regulation over and above the accepted laws of libel, obscenity, sedition, misrepresentation, and the like. If the notion of radio as a form of publishing seems a little startling, remember that "publishing" and "the press" are not synonymous; they have simply become so in the public mind through centuries when the press was the only kind of publishing of any importance. The definition of the verb "to publish" given in the Oxford English Dictionary is: "Make generally known, noise abroad; announce formally, promulgate"; "to issue copies of (book, engraving, etc.) for sale to the public" is only one special meaning of the word.

Advertising

A Big Year

By John Carlton

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Ltd., that the company will spend considerably more money on advertising in 1954 compared with last year, is one indication that predictions of bigger budgets for many other advertisers will be realized. Findings of a survey of several hundred national advertisings made by *Marketing* show that this increase may run 10 to 12 per cent over the total 1953 outlay. Present intentions of advertisers indicate that 53.48 per cent will spend more; 39 per cent will spend the same; only 3.47 per cent propose to spend less, and 4.05 per cent are undecided. The last group includes some of the largest advertisers who may be relied upon not to spend less.

A. J. Shaw, vice-president in charge of sales at Chrysler, Canada, has announced that the Corporation will undertake a sales, advertising, and merchandising program which will "go beyond anything which we have ever attempted in the past". With Ford planning a fitting celebration for a year of jubilee, and the other automobile manufacturers resolved not to be crowded off the map, Canada's national advertising is headed for an all-time record in 1954.

Beverley Baxter, M.P., has been enlightening members of the Publicity Club of London on Canada and Canadian advertising. He told them that Canadian magazines were the best medium for British exporters to this country. Canada's size made a national press impossible, and though much was to be said for the local papers, their revenue did not permit them to become world newspapers, he said. The chief difference between British and Canadian advertising, he added, "was that in Canada there was plenty of space — a large department store might take as many as four to six full pages in a single issue of a daily newspaper. On the whole, Canadian advertising is restrained—Canadian people are very respectable and very puritanical."

Little over a generation ago cures for coughs and colds accounted for a large percentage of advertising in newspapers at this season of the year. For many of these specifics, curing a cold was purely seasonal; quite a number offered to take care of many ailments, from tapeworms to toothache, during any period of the year. Their modern successors are more restrained in current advertising. The word "cure" is never mentioned, the most that is promised being "relief". A recent issue of *Drug Merchandising* carried advertising reminding druggists of nineteen treatments for the "common cold".

new and yours for the asking

Designed and created by Office Specialty—the people who know office furniture—this functional 48-page catalogue was written without the use of superlatives or weighty description. All necessary information is presented in a clear, concise manner by the use of drawings or large illustrations, many in full colour. The complete line of Office Specialty's steel suites, desks, aluminum and steel chairs is at your fingertips—mail coupon or visit one of our many branches today for your free copy.

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Manufacturing Co. Limited

NEWMARKET, ONTARIO

Please rush to me, without obligation, your new catalogue "a collection of steel and aluminum office furniture."

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NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Seventy-five Cents (75c) per share, Canadian Funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable March 15th to Shareholders of record February 16th, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

TORONTO, Ontario,
February 10th, 1954.

EATON'S

LIGHTHEARTED AND
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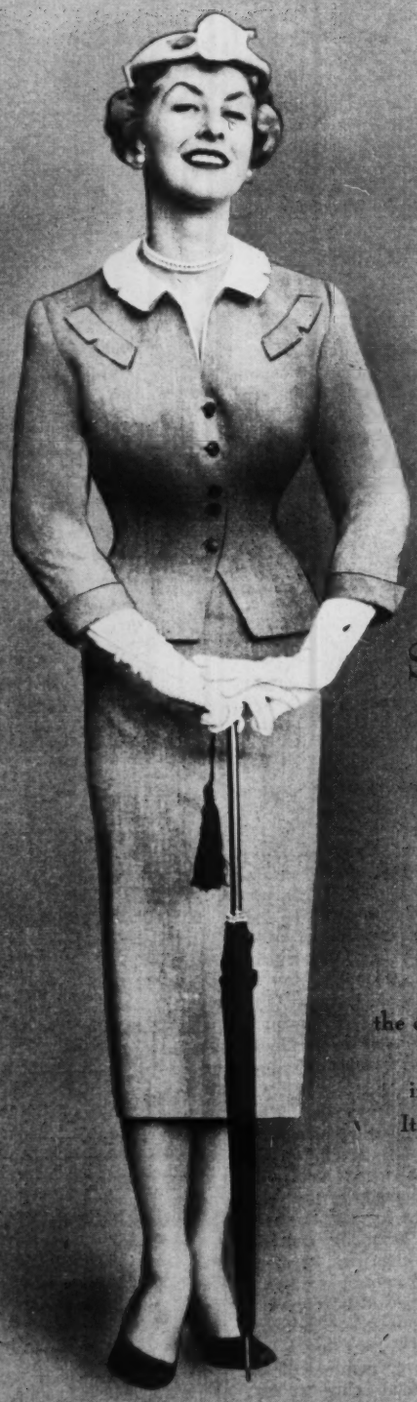


NEWSMAKING
SUITS OF SPRING

Newsmaking in fabrics—crisp and featherweight wools, silk and wool blended worsteds, trans-season and beautiful . . . *Newsmaking* in definition of flattery for your figure—shorter jacket, shorter sleeves, shorter (a bit) in stem of skirt . . . Neckline interest is in the open, little collars topped with white.

Colour interest is in the aquatinting, important neutrals, the blues and pinks. It's in *Your Interest* to see them now, in the happy Spring Collection at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Fashion

By Margaret Ness

WE HAD a look through three of Toronto's fashion shops the other day, to satisfy ourselves about the Empire silhouette. With the impact of the New York Fashion Week well behind us, we had begun to wonder if those tall, high-bosomed (real or falsified) models with the non-existent waistlines were meant for anyone over a size 10 or 12. Were buyers sold on the style?

Helen Wilson, of Simpson's St. Regis salon, told us she started buying the silhouette last Fall and has found Toronto women very receptive. "The style can look well on women up to size 18, provided they have a waistline and stand straight and tall." To illustrate, she showed us a stunning chiffon broadcloth dress she had bought in all sizes. The softly rounded shoulders flowed into the modified high bosom (outlined by a band of self-material), the midriff fitted snugly and the skirt was slim. It had all the Empire requirements, yet was not too extreme. We never had expected conservative Toronto to take to some of the high "balcony" bosoms and contour hiplines that we saw in the New York collections.

Dora Mathews, fashion co-ordinator at Eaton's, said practically the same thing. "Most women, even if they cannot wear the extreme Empire silhouette, look well in the princesse line." The princesse, of course, emphasizes the long unbroken waistline, without undue accentuation of the high bosom.

Both Mrs. Mathews and Betty Macpherson of Holt Renfrew mentioned Jacques Fath's Paris collection, in which he introduced little stays into all his clothes, even his suits and evening dresses, to achieve a decided pinched-in waist.

However, if you belong to the school that believes full skirts are kinder to an aging midriff than the slender line of the Empire, then pin your hopes on some of the European designers. Miss Macpherson, just back from Paris, London and Italy, says she saw a great many full skirts even for daytime dresses. A few designers have gone in heavily for pleats; there were even double (pleat over pleat) pleats, to give a very full skirted effect.

In suits, Toronto women are more conservative, according to Frances Cook, of Simpson's St. Regis salon. A suit is more of a major wardrobe buy than a dress, so one cannot afford to make a mistake. Miss Cook says that Toronto women "like plain good-looking tailored suits". She showed us a Davidow three-piecer that seemed typical of Toronto's choice. It was in a grey-and-russet plaid, with a finger-tip coat to top the pleated skirt and slightly fitted, belted jacket.

"Toronto women," Miss Macpherson told us in a sort of summing up, "are particularly well dressed. I think. They adapt themselves well to new styles, but they like good styles and not anything chi-chi."

Conversation Pieces:

IF A GROUP conversation is lagging, drop in the name of Salvador Dali and watch the talk speed up. Is he a great creative genius or is he a publicity-wise poseur? No one, however, will deny his versatility. He ranges through the fine and graphic arts, has done ballet and theatre decor, book illustrating, novel writing (*Hidden Faces*) and jewellery design. Some of the latter have been purchased recently by the Catherwood Foundation of Bryn Mawr, Pa. Three of these designs are pictured on this page. Tall, debonair Dali has a studio in his native Spain, in Catalonia; when he is in New York he lives and works in the St. Regis Hotel.

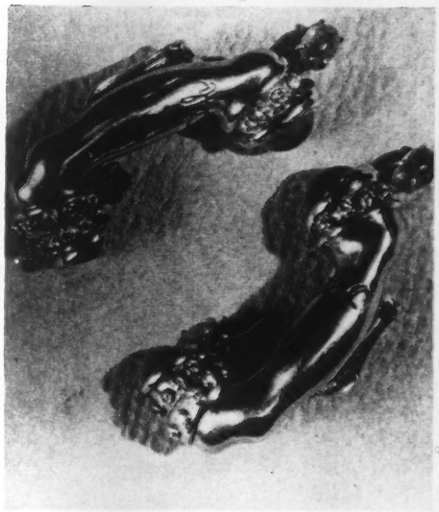
Canada's first drive-in fur store—L. P. Lazare's—was opened in Montreal. Naturally the models for the fashion show arrived in cars. Dorothy Booth arranged the show, which included shoulder capes of silver fox and blue fox (The Queen Mother has bought a Norwegian blue fox cape from her London furriers) and a jacket of champagne beige Persian lamb, with a straight back and severely tailored sleeves.

Toronto has an annual event that might well serve as a model for other cities. Five of the women's international clubs (Altrusa, Pilot, Quota, Soroptimist and Zonta) honor groups of Canadian women at a dinner. The first year, guests of honor were women elected to public office in Ontario for the first time; the next year, it was Ontario's women mayors and reeves; last year, women in the medical profession. This year, the dinner will be on March 2, with the Service Clubs spotlighting women in the Arts. Guest speaker will be Jan Chamberlain.

In the Western Canada Figure Skating championships, Dianne Williams, of Calgary, pulled up from second to first place with her polished free style skating, to become the new Senior Ladies' champion.

Blue is one of the colors being much featured in the French fashion world; and now along comes Helena Rubinstein with a new perfume for her husband's Gourielli line—"Something Blue", created especially for brides. Princess Gourielli says the delicate perfume was inspired by a local Provençal wedding she attended, seeing the bridal party coming through the rich fields with "great garlands of lilies of the valley and parma violets held high above the bride".

women



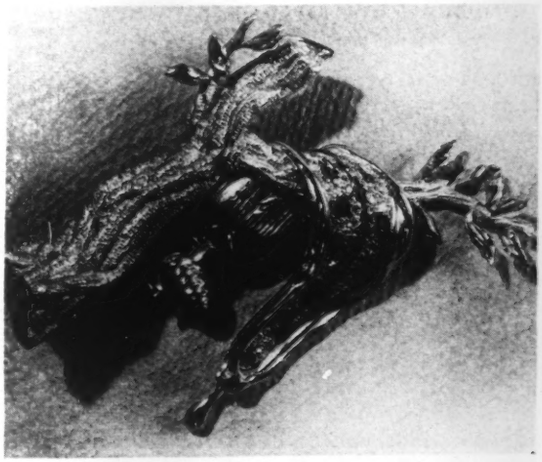
TELEPHONE *earrings, designed by Salvador Dali, in the shape of a French telephone, with cabochon rubies set in the earpiece and emeralds in the mouthpiece.*

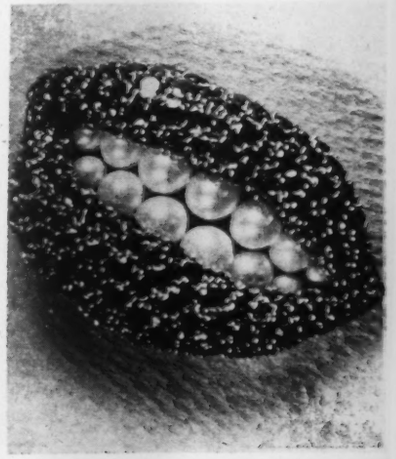
Newspaper women in the news: Wanda Stachon, news editor of the *Fraser Valley Record* at Mission City, BC (formerly on the staff of the Victoria *Daily Colonist*) married Jack Mellor, of Vancouver; Margaret Copping, editor of *Building Products News*, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the National Council, Canadian Industrial Editors' Association.

Mrs. Thomas Urquhart became mayor of the Montreal suburb of Pointe Claire last month, the second woman mayor in Quebec's history. The first is Mrs. Gordon Gibbons, who is mayor of the small town of Portage-du-Fort, about 200 miles up the Ottawa river.

Weddings: Mary Elizabeth Labatt, daughter of Mrs. John S. Labatt, of London, to David W. Morgan of Ottawa, son of Henry W. Morgan, of Montreal; Nancy Isobel Ross Gale, daughter of John R. Gale, of Westmount, Que., to Dr. Anthony Norman Lamplugh, son of the Rt. Rev., the Lord Bishop of Southampton, England; Louise Genest, daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Jean Genest, of Westmount, to Donald Faro Wolvin, of Montreal; Suzanne Langelier, daughter of Braun Langelier, of Ottawa, and grand-daughter of Lady Langelier, to William Young Pratt, of Toronto.

GOLD *jewelled pin, called "The Persistence of Memory", designed by Dali, with sapphires and diamonds.*
Courtesy of the Catherwood Foundation





"RUBY LIPS", *a lapel pin designed by Dali, featuring lips set with rows of faceted rubies and with pearls for teeth.*

A SPRING FASHION SHOW *is a feature of the National Motor Show, which opened this week in Toronto, and will be in Montreal on March 12. From the high style clothes specially designed by Canadian manufacturers, the five outfits shown here were photographed exclusively for* SATURDAY NIGHT.

AT LEFT:

The new softer-line suit in grey worsted is by Mintz of Mayfair Garment, Montreal; the car is the "longer, lower and lovelier" Oldsmobile Super-88 sedan.

BELOW, LEFT:

The "long" seven-eighths length coat is new this Spring. It is shown here in ribbed worsted, with a necklace neckline and is by Du-Val Cloak, of Toronto. The car is a green-and-beige Chrysler, a Windsor Newport special club coupe.

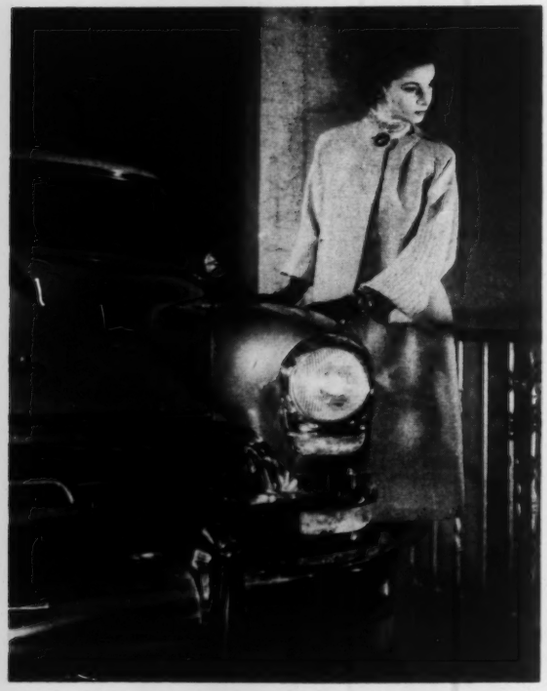
BELOW, RIGHT:

Silk shantung is much to the fore this Spring. This navy dress, with its polka dotted waistband, is by Sam Serkin, of Toronto. The car is Packard's 1954 Clipper Super with its new rear styling.

Photos: Ragsdale of Gilbert A. Milne Studio

National Motor Show

Toronto and Montreal



SPORTSWEAR *is fine for a convertible. Here the model at the wheel wears "Slim Jims" of cherry red Irish linen, with a pink linen blouse; the other model, navy linen Italian shorts, topped by a "middy" of apricot poplin. Both costumes are by Miss Sun Valley, of Toronto. The convertible is Mercury's new Monterey, in a light green shade, with cream and green leather upholstery.*

• •

"The Time Has Come. . . ."

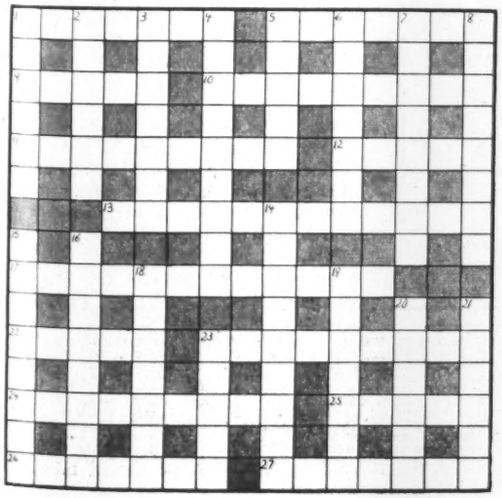
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Absorbing material for a writer. (7)
5. Thievish knave who took the wad back. (7)
9. Spell a month differently. (5)
10. He made change for a sovereign by leaving a crown. (9)
11. It's an unusual need that swallows one's total earnings. (9)
12. Resolute person turned back at the outset. (5)
13. Could Lady Godiva be called one of these? Barely! (12)
17. What a spy can do to a nap. (4, 2, 6)
22. Solve a knotty problem? (5)
23. Army officer who met a strange doom as a steward. (5-4)
24. They make cats lithe. (9)
25. Could one say their wearers underdress? (5)
26. When green's a way of seeing red. (7)
27. Is stock, on the open market? (4, 3)

DOWN

1. You'd expect this supporter to stand behind you. (6)
2. Did it blossom for William III? (6)
3. This scheme, though grave, has nothing on the French lottery. (7)
4. There's no denying it rests ears for a change. (9)
5. So tired of green? (5)
6. How did Mary's garden grow with shells of these? (7)
7. A most distasteful trial, indeed! (8)
8. She's raw up above her one garment. (8)
14. Reads just to be different. (9)
15. Cut off most of the army. (8)
16. His sales depend on his drawing power, no doubt. (8)
18. Deep freeze? (7)
19. Sol takes a rap when this appears. (7)
20. For a masquerade this might give one the pips. (6)
21. Course it sounds like a hold-all! (6)
23. Word of five letters suggesting more. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Work like a horse
10. Often
11. Cab
13, 12. Horse sense
13, 18, 20. Horse of another color
13, 32. Horse-power
15. Troy
16. Agog
17. Clothes 19. Locates
21. Starlet 23. Molests
25. Upon 26. Tear
27. Rotor 30. Lehar
31. Fun 32. See 13
33. Horse chestnuts

DOWN

2. Outer
3. Kin
4. Incites
5. Embroil
6. Hose
7. Runagates
8. Emerges
9. Gothic
14. Ethyl
18, 20. See 13
21. Squelch
22. Twelfth
23. Marines
24. Sartre
28. To wit
29. Tree
32. Pin

(302)

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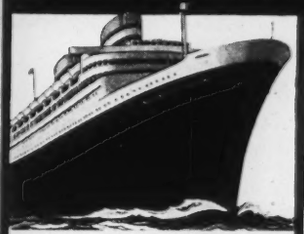

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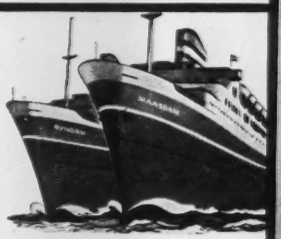

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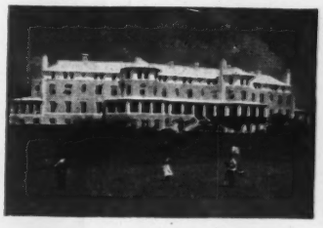

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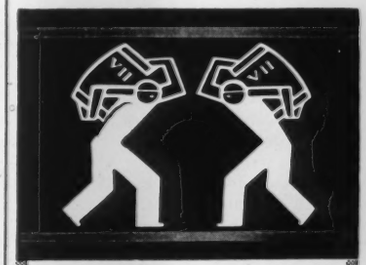

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Letters

Honest Intolerance

YOUR COMMENTS about the evils of censorship, the dangers of restrictive laws and so on, are pretty but in a harsh world they do not make much sense. What we need at this time is less of your so-called "liberal" thinking and more honest intolerance . . . You cite the cases of the Communists and the Witnesses of Jehovah, and you admit that these two groups would destroy the political and religious freedom of all others. Are we to stand by and wring our hands while they go about their work? Why not fight fire with fire, intolerance with intolerance? . . . Premier Duplessis is to be congratulated on his efforts, and the success of his methods proves that your professed fears are nothing but phantoms. I have never heard of any democratic political party, Liberal, Conservative, CCF or anything else, or any decent religious denomination complain about having its freedom restricted in Quebec. Other provinces would do well to follow his example . . .

Edmonton J. T. SAUNDERS

Civilian Adornment

RE THE ADORNMENT, with swords, of our militia officers: this splendid idea could be carried into the civilian group with equally sharp results. The executive type, for instance, could carry a jewelled dirk encased in its scabbard athwart the left groin whilst those of us who encumber the lesser levels would look nicer with something between a gilt spring-knife and a plastic letter-opener; or, as a special mark of distinction, a horn jacknife with hook-remover for those who have paid their taxes.

Goderich, Ont. GEORGE JENNER

Religion and Schools

YOU HAVE carried many articles recently on the subject of education in Canada. Methods of instruction, the purpose of the instruction, the advisability of mixing adolescent boys and girls in the same classrooms, have all been discussed. But not a word has been said about giving the students religious instruction. Can this be because your writers and editors are afraid of touching on a really controversial question? . . .

Sooner or later, our school boards and provincial departments of education will be forced to the realization that education without religion is nothing. The best preparation for life these days is the building of a firm Christian faith, and the schools should not ignore this preparation . . . At least one period a day should be given over to instruction in the principles of Christian beliefs . . .

Swift Current, Sask. JAMES CAMBRAY

Anti-Freud

. . . IT WOULD be far better if the works of Sigmund Freud had never been written. I'm sure everyone was happier before he took to worrying about what went on in his subconscious or took to analyzing every single impulse from the moment of conception on. There is no need for a biography of such a man let alone the collected edition of his works, all thirty volumes of it, which I understand is being published at some fantastic price. I hope it is completely prohibitive . . .

Halifax (MISS) ANNIE L. SUTTON

Co-Education

EVERYBODY has his or her own views as to the desirability or otherwise of mixed education, but it could sidetrack very important issues to blame the co-ed school for faults which are not necessarily inherent in co-education. May not the faults Professor Scarfe observes in education in Canada lie to some extent in the way co-education is handled?

In his often admirable article, Professor Scarfe gives the false impression that boys and girls from English grammar schools are invariably taught in separate establishments. This is a view commonly, but erroneously, held in the New World. Particularly in the industrial areas, where there are fewer of the old-foundation high schools, there are many mixed State high schools, giving the same free education to boys and girls together as do the "Boys" or "Girls" schools, and presenting their pupils for the same examinations . . .

My own experience of the English mixed high school was that boys and girls seemed able to work together on the whole undisturbed by the difference of sex. With adolescence awakens a creative urge in all kinds of fields. Some degree of inhibition and a great measure of sublimation are regarded in the Old Country as having a part to play in the development of the adolescent. If all the awakening creative instinct of teen-agers is frittered away in mooning over (and "necking" with) the opposite sex, none of it is left for creative effort in the fields of Art and Science, and in the development of some form of aesthetic appreciation. The English school curriculum is designed to provide exacting and worthwhile tasks in the intellectual field, which can fully stretch the capacities of the brightest. By grading those of the same age but of different mental ability into different classes, it ensures instruction that is within the scope of the duller child who must work more slowly, yet does not act as a drag on the bright girl or boy. . . .

Edmonton (MRS.) E. V. HATTERSLEY

Of Many Things

ALL THIS talk about a depression is going to bring one on. Your Ottawa Letter is most pessimistic. Of course no one likes to hear of so grossly swollen a national budget, especially as it seems to be spent to increase the public payroll and to allow unnecessary and lavish government expenditure, all of which means increased taxation. But the remedy is in every citizen's hand, providing he is willing to put that hand into his pocket and pay for something he doesn't need. Just think what it would do for the textile industry alone if material for a new suit or coat or dress was purchased for every man, woman or child, provided of course, it was *Canadian* stuff that was purchased.

THOMAS R. SEDLEY
Niagara Falls, Ont.

I LIKE your word "betwottled". It describes exactly my mental state when I have tried to make my way through the conflicting arguments of parliamentarians, writers of newspaper headlines, and framers of children's report cards.

Calgary JOHN SOLDICE

. . . PERHAPS the "Big Revue" hasn't the spit and polish of an American program geared to an audience of some 20-30 million people, but it is a Canadian program and, as such, it deserves something better than mud-slinging.

Mr. Garner concedes, in a negative way, that Canadian TV is still in an adolescent stage and if he considers this particular program so odious, wouldn't it be better if he were to funnel his energies toward some constructive criticism? I'm sure the program directors would welcome any helpful suggestions.

Montreal ALISON PELLETIER

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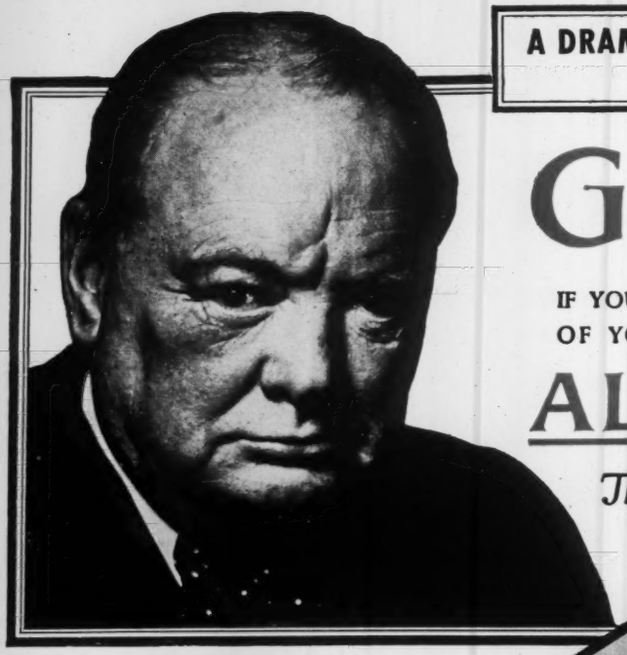

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